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BALLADS OF THE RING.

No. XII.

JOHN MORRISSEY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

I.

Our theme is John Morrissey,
Clever and tough,
From Greenland to torrid sea
Quoted prime stuff;
And pealed to the buff,*
Like old Ready and Rough,
In fair play or foul fray
Ne'er cried out enough.

II.

With nerve† and endurance,
Both fearless and fly—
He has the assurance
To conquer or die.
When beat to a mummy
His energy awakes,
No longer acts dummy,
But pockets the stakes.

III.

A health to John Morrissey,
Drink to his fame:
What would Greely—Horace be
Lacking the same?
If we all had one plan,
Then none would fare well,
And 'twould take a smart man
"To keep a hotel."

IV.

In our El Dorado
He first made his mark,
His foes cried "bravado,"
But fly ones kept dark.
Then Thompson's tried science
Availed not to win,
And nerve and reliance
Gained battle and tin.

V.

At Boston Four Corners
Brave Yankee he met,
Which gave all his scorners
A license to bet;
They sported their money
On Sullivan free,
But somehow our Johnny
Again took the fee.

VI.

Twice nerve had proved equal
To science and art,
And courage, its sequel,
Played victory's part.
Newton‡ Butler was gained,
Kilkrankie was won
By men never trained
To the sword or the gun.

VII.

His hard bout with Heenan
Was truly sublime,
But with little to lean on
He stood true to time.
'Twas thus he gained surely,
That out and out fray,
Which proved to all clearly
That nerve won the day.

VIII.

Then drink to John Morrissey,
Clever and tough,
From Greenland to torrid sea
Quoted prime stuff;
And pealed to the buff,
Like old Ready and Rough,
In fair play or foul fray,
Ne'er sang out "enough."

* Referring to General Zachary Taylor, known world wide as "Old Rough and Ready."

† Morrissey's nerve and endurance are unsurpassed in the history of the Ring. It is a common saying among sporting men that "it would take an hour to whip him with a club."

‡ It is a strange thing, says the historian Macauley, that the two most remarkable battles in which undisciplined militia gained signal victories over regular troops—Killicrankie and Newton Butler—took place in the same week; the one a victory of the Saxon over the Celt, and the other a victory of the Celt over the Saxon.

THE

MERCHANT AND THE PUGILIST

OR,

THE SCHEMES OF A COURTESAN.

FOUNDED UPON AN EPISODE IN THE SECRET HISTORY OF

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY EAGLE EYE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONFERENCE—THE DESCENT—THE ESCAPE.

THIRTEEN years ago, in Ann street, in the north part of Boston, in one of the numerous cellars abounding in that purlieu of crime sat three men. Hard, villainous characters they seemed; contempt of law was written upon their countenances, there impressed by the hot brand of crime. They were seated about a stained and dirty table of common pine, and before them were decanters and tumblers containing rum, brandy, and so forth, of the most "extended" kind.

The room, or rather cave, in which they were, was scantily furnished, and illuminated by two sickly tallow candles stuck into small bottles standing upon the table. In one corner was an old bedstead, on which was a thin mattress covered by an exceedingly dirty counterpane; a small stove stood in another corner of the apartment, and was made of battered and rusty sheet iron; it contained a single log, and the heat given forth scarcely served to remove the moisture from the damp and clammy atmosphere. A long chest stood in one corner of the room, and these and a few broken chairs were all the dismal place contained.

The individuals now sitting in the room seemed deeply engaged in conversation. The principal figure of the group was a man of tall and muscular proportions; his shoulders were broad and massive; his arms long and as powerful as a pair of iron levers; his face was swarthy, and his eyes, black as night, sparkled like twin stars from beneath a pair of shaggy brows, and gave forth an expression at once terrible, resolute and sinister. The mouth of this man indicated firmness in an eminent degree; his lips were finely cut, and his teeth large and white; his hair was long and black, and fell in careless masses upon his shoulders. His whole appearance was such as would impress the beholder with the fact that the man before him was a wicked and dangerous character; and so he was. His name was Carl Darsden.

The companions of this man, though less formidable in appearance, wore an expression upon their faces as villainous and treacherous as that of their tall and swarthy colleague.

One of them was a man of middle size, with a full, round face, a small, deep-set eye cold and gray in its expression, and always half closed, as though he was endeavoring to peer behind and through the object upon which his gaze should chance to be fixed. Murder looked forth from that eye, it was so cold, so smiling, so sinister, and so treacherous. His nose was a pug, and he seemed proud of it, for he was always drawing his fore finger across beneath, and sometimes he would even pause and rub it on the cuff of his coat-sleeve. How kind he was to his nose! His teeth were black and the essence of nastiness. The general expression of his countenance was that of a deep-dyed villain.

Number three of the trio was a somewhat different character. He was slenderly built; his hair was dark and curling; his face well featured. They bore not the stamp of the ruffian, and yet there was that about them which repelled respect and confidence—not treacherous, nor wicked, but bold, sensual, saucy; saucy, that is the word—they were saucy, and fairly handsome. His eyes were of a deep slumbering blue, and his apparel fashionable in the extreme. He was redolent with unguents and sweet perfumes, and every wave of his scented handkerchief gave delicious fragrance to the air.

This well dressed and pleasing youth was Jack Bandon, the celebrated pickpocket.

"No, Carl, I will have no hand in the man's murder; sooner will I forfeit my share of the *loodle* than stain my hands with blood."

Jack Bandon spoke, and his eyes were fixed on Carl.

"Bah! Jack, much more of that kind of gab will make me think you a chicken! Murder the man! Who speaks of murder? There is no need of *murdering* him. I'll fix it, if ye all agree!"

Tom Jenks, the third of the group now interposed.

"Carl Darsden, no half way work—I'll run no risks for any man. Conscientious scruples be damned, say I! Put the man away! That's what we agreed to do; and let's do it, and be damned to him!" And Tom Jenks struck his clenched first down on the table, and his cold grey eyes sparkled for blood.

"That's what I say," returned Carl Darsden; "that's what I say; but if Jack don't agree, what in hell can we do, eh?"

"Do?" exclaimed Jenks. "Do, why vote for it, and be damned to it!"

A smile crossed the face of Carl as he replied to the ingenious proposition of Jenks.

"What's the use in voting, the result will be the same; you and I for it, and Jack against it."

"So it will, and be damned to it! I didn't think of that—but I'll tell ye how we'll fix it, let the majority rule."

"I wash my hands out of the matter altogether—I'll have nothing more to do with it," said Bandon, rising with a look of determination, and pacing the room."

The cold grey eyes of Jenks followed him for a moment with an angry look, and he was about to burst forth, when Carl interrupted and said:—

"Come, pals, let's keep cool and take things easy."

"That's the way I allers does," interrupted Jenks—"I take things easy as I can—but get caught sometimes—and be damned to it!"

"And I'll show you a way to fix this matter and settle the dispute. Now, Jack, you don't want him murdered—Jenks, you are more bloodthirsty."

"I allers is," quoth Jenks.

"That's a fact," said Bandon.

"To settle this question without shedding blood," resumed Carl, "we'll satisfy you, Jack, and the death of the individual will satisfy you. Tom, eh?"

"That's me, and that's Jack to a T," said Jenks, sententiously.

"Well then," said Darsden, resuming, "we can *starve him to death!*"

"That's it by G—d, Carl! You'd make a great *flyer*, I allers said ye would, and be damned to ye!" and Jenks slapped Darsden on the back; 'twas a slap of profound admiration.

"I care not," said Bandon, "so ye give him a chance for life. That will not be murder, but so near like it that—well, well, I'm satisfied."

And Jack Bandon resumed his seat at the table.

As Carl Darsden concluded his remarks, a side door in the apartment was opened and a stout, short, dirty-looking man entered the room. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his red pimply face; his brandy swelled nose, and his insolent and independent air told that he was the proprietor of the place. The conversation of the ruffians dropped as he entered the cellar, and turning to them with some symptoms of respect, he said, or rather growled:—

"Vell, my heroes, that 'ere chap is caged tighter 'n thunder; vont 'ear from 'im for some time, hi bassure ye. Got 'im h'n the lowest 'ole, where 'ell stop 'till ye ear 'go or die!"

"That is right, Wilson," replied Carl; "that is right! Have you given the poor man any food? He may need it."

"Food, why he lives like a king! Food! the best the 'ouse hafords! I allers treats 'em well, when they does come."

"Ah, yes, very good; but Wilson, don't feed the poor man too high, d'ye mind—it might injure him, ye see—in fact, Wilson, lock him up, *and let him alone!*"

The landlord bent forward, and with one finger on his nose, and one eye half closed, said:—

"Ho, ho! that's it, is it? Werry good, I'm agreeable—it won't cost much to board 'im—ha, ha, ha!" and the burly villain slapped himself on the thigh and roared boisterously.

"But I say," he resumed, assuming a serious demeanor, "would ye think it, but the marshall 'as been 'ere, hand looked habout rayther close; but he didn't see hanything, d'ye mind."

"Ye don't go for ter say as how Tukey has been around, do ye," said Tom Jenks, lowering his voice nearly to a whisper.

"Nobody helse, my crossman, and vot's more he's arter somebody as has been a doing on something—so keep yer eye peeled and don't be lushey."

The face of Tom Jenks fell "a few" at this announcement, and he moved uneasily in his seat, and enquired:—

"Didn't see any o' the boys, did he, and be damned to him!"

"Not a boy, though Jarvey Dick and Shanky Ben were down below a having a snooze."

While this conversation was going on between the landlord and the crossman Bandon had lain back in his chair and gazed carelessly about him.

Suddenly the conference of the four ruffians was broken up, the door through which the landlord entered was abruptly burst open, and three or four forms dashed wildly into the apartment.

"Quick, Wilson, sherry†, the beaks‡ are upon us!" and they slammed the door behind them, and bolted it with the rapidity of light.

The three crossmen started to their feet, the red face of the landlord growing purple with excitement and fear, while the countenance of Jenks became a shade or two paler than usual. Carl Darsden, however, preserved the coolness that was natural to him, and turning quickly to Wilson, he said hurriedly:—

"Come, stupid, show the way from this infernal den!"

"And hurry up too, and be damned to ye!" said Jenks, snatching a bottle and taking a long and strong pull.

Thus admonished, Wilson turned on his pins and darting to the chest in the corner, he, with the aid of Carl, drew it aside, and stooping down he pressed a concealed spring, and a trap door sufficient to admit one person at a time, fell down. Taking a light from the table, Wilson went towards it, exclaiming "Follow me!"

The light exposed to view a long flight of stone steps; down which they followed the landlord, Carl alone stopping to adjust the trap-door, which could be easily done by standing at the head of the flight and throwing it upward. This was done quickly, and Carl then darted rapidly after them. He caught them at the foot of the steps in a long subterranean passage, the cold and clammy air, the noxious miasma of the atmosphere, and the damp and mildewed walls which it was necessary to touch in order to feel their way through the dismal place, convinced those who were unacquainted with it that it was some deep underground passage way, and that moreover it had been, and now was used for some dark and deadly purposes.

They passed on as quickly and carefully as the uncertain flicker of their tallow candle would allow, each following in the footsteps of the other. Suddenly the dead silence of the place was broken by a low and long drawn moan, but Wilson with a muttered curse passed quickly on, taking no notice of the agonizing appeal. Not so with Bandon, whose courage and presence of mind had not for a moment left him; he turned in the direction of the sound, and shading his candle with his hand—he had taken the remaining one from the table—he made his way towards the sufferer.

In a distant corner of the vast vault, in a small cell about five feet by four, thrown on a heap of straw and chained to the wall, lay the figure of a man, pale, emaciated, and with an expression on his face of the most terrible anguish.

Bandon started at the stricken and emaciated countenance of the sufferer, and he was about approaching to gaze through the bars of the iron door when he was seized by a strong hand, and a voice whispered in his ear:—

"Fool, are you mad? The beaks are at your heels; come away, quick!"

"Yes, come and be damned to ye!"

It was Carl and Jenks, who, missing him, had returned to find him, and guided by his flickering light they thus discovered him.

A loud noise above admonished them of the necessity of haste, so stifling his curiosity, Bandon turned about and the trio made their way to another corner of the vault, where Wilson and the others were waiting.

"Vell, my nibs, 'ow did ye like 'is looks, eh? 'E's kind o' chicken like, doesn't ye think so?"

"Come, old man, shut down and show us out of this infernal hole," said Bandon, angrily.

"Yes, and hurry up and be damned to ye! Don't ye hear 'em above there! Come, travel!"

The advice of Tom Jenks was taken, and in a few moments the parties found themselves beneath one of the wharves at the foot of Commercial street. The party emerged from beneath the pier, and Bandon, Jenks and Carl, bidding the rest good night, and cautioning Wilson to "Remember," took their way westward.

CHAPTER II.

Marshal Tukey—He wants Tom Jenks—The Den Closed—The Old House—Robbery and Murder.

When Wilson arrived at his den he found it in possession of that celebrated character Marshal Tukey, and a number of the police force under his command. A description of this notorious official whose fame as a marshal is not bounded by State lines may be interesting to many of my readers.

He was standing in the middle of the apartment dedicated to the disposal of liquors, i. e. the bar, and surrounded by his squad. He was dressed in black, a color that accorded well with his complexion, which was naturally exceedingly pale; his hair was jet black and worn short about the ears with a long thin lock falling over the centre of the forehead, which was broad and high; his features were finely chiselled; his nose of Roman proportion; his eyes of deep black and very thoughtful in their expression; his eyebrows likewise dark and finely arched; his teeth white; his face shaved clean—it was always so—and the whole appearance of the face at once dignified and intellectual. He was about five feet ten inches high, trimly built, and though he looked the contrary—exceedingly muscular. This is a minute and accurate description of a man who raised himself from the very lowest position in society—lowly both in wealth and morality—to one of the highest positions in the Commonwealth.

He turned to Wilson when he had entered the bar-room and said, tersely:—

"I want Tom Jenks!"

"Yer wants Tom Jenks; vell, vhy doesn't yer get 'im!"

"He was here but an hour ago," continued the marshal coolly, "and in that room;" and he pointed to a broken and battered door which led into the apartment where the conference of the villains had been held. "Was he not here an hour ago?"

This was a clincher, but Jack Wilson replied, "Vot if he vas! I can't 'elp who comes along—can't hefford to turn customers avay from the door, no 'ow yer can fix it."

"I ask you, Jack Wilson, again and in the name of the law, and I want a decisive answer, was Tom Jenks here within an hour or not?" The temper of Tukey could not be ruffled by prevarication, and with a cold smile on his pale face he waited a reply.

"Vell, yes! Tom Jenks was here to-day."

"Within an hour?" continued Tukey, as his eyes remained rivetted on those of Wilson.

"Yes, within an 'our."

"Alone?"

"Vell," and Wilson hesitated "Vell, yes—"

"You are mistaken Wilson, his pals—"

"Vhy yes, so they were, I'd never thought it if yer hadn't spoke."

"I don't doubt it, Wilson; that is all," said Tukey and his squad left the place.

With a profound sigh of relief, and giving vent to a few muttered curses on the heads and eyes of the officials, Wilson closed his den for the night and retired to his quarters.

We will now follow Carl Darsden and his two companions who having left the landlord, hurried down Commercial street. The clock struck twelve and still they hurried along through Dock Square, along Washington street, until they arrived in front of an old wooden house standing on Roxbury neck.

The building was old and dilapidated, the paint cracked and blistered and in some places entirely worn away by the force of many storms; white shutters upon the inside concealed the interior of the place, and in it's solitary situation, surrounded by fields of ice and snow it did indeed look bleak, dismal and forlorn.

The three men paused before this deserted looking building, and Carl, having first looked carefully around, gave a low whistle and then, ascending the long wooden stairs at its front, followed by Jenks and Bandon, he knocked hastily on the door.

In a short time a window in the second story was thrown open and a nightcapped head was shoved forth and a sharp voice, seeming to be that of a female, cried angrily:—

"What do ye want at this late hour? Begone from the door, I say!"

"Come, good dame, 'tis Carl Darsden who wants to enter—open quick!" said Carl.

"Yes, open quick, and be damned to ye!" growled Jenks.

"What, my pretty darlings, is it you, my precious pearls?" quoth the nightcapped head "wait a bit and I'll let ye in!"

Saying this the woman—or man—pulled in the head and closed the window with wonderful alacrity.

In a few moments, the rattling of chains, the drawing of bolts &c. was heard, the door was thrown back, and a man dressed in a green jacket, with a night cap on his head, heartily welcomed the newcomers.

"By G—d, Carl, I thought 'twas the beaks at first; Tukey's awful sharp latterly, and we've got to keep our eyes peeled to get ahead of his time."

"So we have, and be damned to him!" growled Jenks, who seemed exceedingly sore whenever the name of the marshal was mentioned.

"That's the case with you at least, Jenks, judging from the papers. That last lay of yours was a screecher—the boodle was hardly worth what it cost, eh, Jenks?"

"Dry up will ye, and be damned to ye! I ain't been on no lay this three weeks."

But Jenks' pale face and sweaty brows, and the furtive glances he cast around him told that the words of him in the green jacket had filled his mind with tribulation.

Having closed and barred the door and put the heavy chains in their proper places—Jim Burgess, that was the name of the man in the green jacket—led the way through a long corridor down a flight of steep, wooden steps into a large and crowded apartment.

In order to have a clear view of the occupants of the room it would be necessary to have a prophet's eye; a vast cloud of smoke extended through the place, from the bowls of more than fifty pipes, and this with the smell of bad rum and bad tobacco gave a degree of closeness to the cavern that was nearly unsupportable.

The entrance of Carl Darsden, was the occasion of a dozen prolonged cheers—which were repeated when Jenks and Bandon entered followed by Jim Burgess, who was sole monarch of the establishment—new pipes and cigars and fresh bowls of punch and raw liquors were ordered, and Carl and his companions retiring to a distant corner of the room, took seats at a table—separate from the others and were soon deeply busied in conversation.

"It is a course I deem advisable you should pursue. It is really necessary, the hue and cry is hot after you, and you'll be pulled as sure as G—d if you don't lay low!"

Carl Darsden spoke with convincing earnestness, and the frown that came to Jenks' brow told how little he liked the idea of "hiding himself away."

But when Jack Bandon—snatching a paper from table said, "Ah, here is the account of it," the face of Tom became livid, and he snatched the paper from his hands and tore it into fragments, exclaiming:—

"Hell and furies, I'll knife the next man that speaks of it!" and his eyes gleamed with fear, remorse and rage, and he placed his hand in his breast, as if about to commence an attack.

Carl however cooled him down by saying, "Come, man, put away the barker, keep quiet, take things easy, we're only speaking for your good." Bandon, however, took no notice of his emotion but continued with his legs crossed, and eyes half closed, coolly smoking his cigar. Suddenly he aroused himself and looking around he perceived another paper upon the table opposite him, and taking hold of it, after a moment's search he read:—

"ROBBERY AND MURDER

Our usually quiet community has been awakened suddenly from its torpor by the foul murder and robbery of one of our most prominent citizens. The facts are as follows: Last night the residence of James Andrews, stock broker, was entered by one or more robbers and more than $400 worth of goods stolen therefrom. Mr. Andrews was disturbed by the noise of the robbers, and rising from his bed and snatching his pistol from his toilet table—he advanced into the centre of the apartment—the moon was shining through the window and he discovered the body of a man standing in one corner of the apartment—he raised his pistol and was about to fire, when another man sprang from behind the bed—so says his wife who was awakened by the noise and who thus witnessed the whole of the terrible transaction—and drove the bright flashing blade of a knife down deep into his spine. The murdered man instantly fell dead. As the robber darted from the apartment a portion of his coat was caught by the door, and the whole pocket rent away; it was found next morning on the knob or handle of the door, containing a spotted handkerchief marked 'Tom Jenks.' This is the name of a notorious crossman of this city, and he undoubtedly is the murderer. The police are on his track, and he will soon be brought to justice."

The breath of Jenks came short and quick as he listened to the perusal of the startling paragraph, and when Bandon had concluded, his face was deadly pale, and the sweat stood on his brow in cold, big drops. He was indeed a very picture of remorse and fear.

While this scene was going on Jim Burgess entered the room, and crossed over to the table occupied by the trio, and tapping Carl on the shoulder he said:—

"Come, my Trojan, the Blowen's arriv'. And such a team as she came in—it's a perfect stunner!" and the eyes of Jim were swoled with admiration and delight.

CHAPTER III.

Marshal Tukey—The Rendezvous—Moll Hayes, the Courtezan.

Darsden sprang quickly to his feet, and asking "where was the room," advanced rapidly towards the one pointed out, first telling Jenks and Bandon to await his coming.

The room he entered led off from the one occupied by the motley assembly, and was furnished in a manner truly elegant. A splendid Persian carpet lay upon the floor, and a finely carved and commodious sofa occupied one corner of the apartment; a number of ottomans were scattered through the chamber, and two splendid mirrors hung down from the walls. The ceiling was beautifully frescoed, and the marble mantel adorned with rich and handsome vases filled with beautiful artificial flowers, while here and there were scattered shells of a gorgeous pattern. But the paintings pendant from the wall would attract instant and undivided attention. The eye of the connoisseur and artist would find much in the fine natural anatomy—the clear rich tint and coloring, the graceful grouping of the figures to admire and enjoy. While the eye of the voluptuary, in the swelling bust, and full round limbs of the Graces, would experience ample gratification.

Such is a description of the apartment which Carl Darsden entered. We have with one exception described everything in the apartment—that exception was the female form resting on the sofa.

Thrown back in an attitude of careless abandon, with her rich garments falling loosely from the sofa to the floor, exposing a pair of fine, full, and swelling calves, a small foot, and a beautifully slender ankle, and a pair of fine, snow-white silk stockings, was a woman of more—much more—than common beauty.

She had a moment before entered the room, and her shawl, of the finest India fabric, she had cast carelessly on the floor, depositing herself still more carelessly upon the sofa. She was indeed beautiful. Her hair was luxuriant and dark as night; her eyes, bright as diamonds, seemed teeming over with love; but in their dark, deep depths, was a slumbering devil. Her complexion was a mingling of the lily and rose. Her lips were full and voluptuous, or rather sensual. Her teeth so even and purely white as to put to shame the artificial labor of the dentist. Her face was indeed beautiful in the extreme. When her eyes were closed in slumber, it was the face of an angel; but in her waking moments it was that of a calculating enchantress.

A dress of rich dark silk enveloped her form, and gave, by its contrast to the clear beauty of her complexion, an additional dignity to her stature. Her bust was swelling and voluptuous, and the low front of her dress revealed the round full globes, and as much of the pure, snow white breast as would arouse the soul of a pious and pledged monk.

Her waist was small, but her limbs, as they were revealed, showed how beautiful must be her *nude* figure.

This was the woman whom Carl unceremoniously advanced to greet:—

"True to your time, Molly, my love!" and he threw himself upon the sofa and, drawing her fine full form towards him, he with his bold hands explored her bust, and nearly smothered her with kisses.

Her dark eyes grew languid with the power of her passion; her fine face flushed with a mysterious emotion; her breath came short and quick, and as he toyed with the tresses of her hair, or moved his hand tenderly among the snow white globes, she threw her arms wildly about him and, with a convulsive sigh, drew him towards her and pressing her full, red, hot lips to his, she * * *

"And is he secure at last, safe from farther meddling?" she asked, as with a flushed face, she arose from the sofa and turned her large and languid eyes towards him.

"Safe and secure as though he were dead! The meddling fool has played his last card, and old Jacob Anderson is ours, ours, Moll; and we'll pluck him till there's not a feather left!"

Carl Darsden spoke in a tone of exultation and triumph, and a cold diabolical smile rested upon his features.

Mary, or as Darsden called her, Moll Hayes, was a famous New York courtezan. It was in the great metropolis that Carl first crossed her path. She was the daughter of parents who had once been wealthy; but adverse fortune, as is the case with many others, reduced them to a low estate. At nineteen her boarding school course was complete. She was then brought out as it were, that is, introduced to society, and on the second season of her introduction, at a fashionable ball in New York, she met for the first time him in whose presence she now was. The fine style and splendid appearance of Darsden combined with his pleasing manner and seductive powers of speech, soon gained an empire over the maiden's heart. She loved, and fell. The old sad story. Her guileless heart, firmly and trustingly believed the vows and protestations of love, wrought up by the passionate arguments of her false lover, she gave way to the passion which consumed her. Step by step she trod the downward course, till at length she became what she now was—a noted prostitute—noted in New York as the kept mistress of Carl Darsden, who, strange to say, was now dearer to her than ever, though she now knew him for what he was—a notorious burglar and housebreaker.

Carl Darsden, by a too close attention to his professional labors, in time made the great city too hot to hold him. He therefore came on to Boston, and in company with his *blowen*, he soon again commenced his depredations. Darsden was a keen observer of human nature, and the face of man was with him a favorite study. In his mingling with men and things, and partly through the aid of "fences," with whom he was connected, he became acquainted with one Jacob Anderson, a merchant of high standing, and doing business at this time on T wharf. He was likewise a staunch brother and deacon of the old S—— church, and a man, it was supposed, of the sternest morality. Carl became acquainted with this man. He studied him thoroughly, and finally determined to test the strength of his moral and religious principles.

With this purpose in view, he dispatched his handsome mistress to the office of the merchant, and she, demanding a private interview, unfolded to him such a tale of sorrow and distress—it touched him more that she was so beautiful—that he, after an hour's interview, dismissed her with the promise of the best support. Her bright languid eyes were turned to him with a sweet tender look of gratitude, and her rich shawl falling unconsciously aside, revealed a large portion of her snow-white bust; the eyes of old Anderson melted as he gazed—his breath became short and quick—he closed the door, and throwing his arms about her fine voluptuous form, he whispered hurriedly in her ear—she struggled gently for a moment, but her effort was weak, and the designing woman fell upon the sofa, and the morality and religion of Anderson, with all earthly things was forgotten. Moll Hayes left the counting room of the merchant, with the understanding that he should see her again that night.

Interview succeeded interview, until at length the passionate love of Anderson for the frail woman became irresistible, and he blindly yielded to the weak and slavish fascination. The amour of the merchant was more piquant by reason of his single state—his wife having been dead some years.

He had an only son, a young man about twenty years of age, whose course at college having expired he was now residing with his father. The interesting intrigue of the father by some means reached the ears of Charles and he, naturally shrewd and endowed with a large share of common sense, detected or at least thought he detected the deep designs of the shrewd and calculating courtesan. He had as yet never seen the woman who exercised so vast an influence over the purse and feelings of his father, but he determined by every means in his power to break the golden chain by which he was bound. He made every effort to discover the whereabouts of the woman who thus entered to ruin the peace and prosperity of his father, but in this he failed.

He little knew that the infatuated old man was even then lavishing his hundreds ay, his thousands, on the syren who was but luring him on to perdition. That his hard earned wealth was being dissipated to gratify a false and wicked passion, and that the reputation so dear to him was in a fair way to be blasted forever.

Jacob Anderson had lately installed his fair charmer in a splendid mansion situated in the most fashionable quarter of the city. He spent his wealth, for her gratification, with a lavish hand. He supplied all her demands, and in doing that he, unbeknown to himself, supplied the purse of a notorious house-breaker in the person of Carl Darsden.

Moll Hayes, or as she was known to Anderson—Adelaide Penimore, and her man Carl were indeed living in clover at the expense of the blind, infatuated fool Jacob Anderson.

This was the state of affairs prior to the opening of my story. We will now leave the twain in loving dalliance on the sofa and return to the apartment where the pals of Darsden, Bandon and Jenks, still remained seated.—To be continued.

*Thief. †Rum. ‡Policemen.

BERKS COUNTY TROTTING AND PACING HORSES.—The following are a few particulars connected with the programme of the trotting and pacing which came off on the 25th ult., over the Fair Grounds. Charles Hagey's mare, "Rosy Kate," best 2 out of 3, average time, 3:04; premium $20, versus Levi Bertolette's black horse and John Sahm's bay, both distanced. The black's time about 2:57. Afterwards, the bay and the black trotted together, with the latter winning in 3:02½. After a short intermission they went a second heat—the black comfortably distancing the bay in the second round—his separate rounds being made in 1:01; 0:59; 0:59; 0:56—the mile in 2:56 without breaking. A drizzling rain damped the spirits as well as the bodies of the spectators. The black mare be owning to L. & J. Bertolette made good time, her best average being 3:10; premium $25. On the 27th, in the trotting for county premiums, Levi J. Bertolette's bay pony made, in best 2 out of 3, an average time of 2:56, premium $25. For the last premium of $30, "Ban Ludwig," a Canadian 3 years old in best 2 out of 3, made 3:30. In the special premiums for trotting, L. J. Bertolette's black mare made an average of 3:08, best 2 out of 3; premium $5. "Eli Fix" secured 3:03, and carried off the premium of $10. Other races came off, which closed the sports of the day. AN OUTSIDER.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LONG SLIP, Baltimore.—The custom is to play a match alternately on each ground; hence the term "home-and-home" match. A club, of course, can embody in its challenge whatever terms it pleases; but it rests with the club challenged whether they accept them or not.

M. M., Toronto, C. W.—1 One boat may take another's water as soon as her stern is well clear of the other's bow; but she must not crowd her opponent off her course. 2. It is not necessary that there should be a boat's length of water between them.

M. C. C., Westerly, R. I.—"A and B are playing a game of "four up." They have each scored two points, when in the next hand A makes "low jack," and B "high game." Which wins?".....A wins with "low jack."

C. B. B., Albany.—The quickest route would be by way of England; thence by steamer. The trip in that way might be made in three months; from New York direct, double that time would be consumed.

R. S. S., Chicago.—1. Aaron Jones is in this city at the present time. 2. No challenge has passed between Heenan and Morrissey since the former's return from England.

W., Pittsburgh.—A full report of the sculling race for the championship of the Thames will be found in this issue; no response has yet been made to Ward's challenge.

G. W. W.—1. The Star Sisters have not retired from the stage; a letter sent in our care will reach them. 2. The party you refer to will not enter the magic circle again.

J. M. W., Homer.—Her origin is involved in obscurity, although certain parties have endeavored to make it appear that they have traced out her full and correct pedigree.

R. B., Manor Station, Pa.—The stakeholder acted correctly; there being a forfeit, all outside bets are drawn.

SUBSCRIBER, Newark.—Aaron Jones was not in England when the fight between Heenan and Sayers took place.

H. P. B.—Harry Jennings, 22 White street, will cut your terrier's ears in "orthodox style."

READER.—The Astor Place Riot took place on the night of the 10th of May, 1849.

J. N., Carbondale, Penn.—In playing bluff, three nines and two queens are better than three deuces and two kings.

BASE BALL, New Haven.—Procure one of Beadle's "Dime Base Ball Player," of any bookseller or news agent.

ABE, Cincinnati.—If the horse went the distance in three minutes, or under, B wins.

EUCHRE.—We have always taken the ground that where a partner assists, the dealer cannot play alone.

J. C. B.—We know of no really responsible dealer.

J. W. F., Richmond Hill, C. W.—Expires with the present issue.

☞ We have letters for Stephen Roberts, James Cusick, and a London letter for Jack Montgomery.

☞ A large number of queries will receive attention next week.

NOTICE.

In order to give the readers of the CLIPPER an early opportunity of reading the particulars of the great battle between Mace and Brettle, and the sculling match for the championship between Chambers and White, we put our paper to press a day in advance of our usual time.

AARON JONES AND TOM JENNINGS.—An apparent endeavor has recently been made between the friends of these two pugilists to bring about a match between them; but up to the present time the attempt has been unsuccessful. The men themselves appear to be in earnest, and, left to themselves, they might come to terms; but "being in the hands of their friends," a compromise seems difficult of accomplishment. One wishes to have it take place south of Philadelphia, while the other names the "Vermont line" as the milling place. If each man insists on his point, of course there will be no match. Either locality is good enough, and the man who really means business will probably give in before permitting the match to "go off."

MACE AND BRETTLE'S PRIZE FIGHT.—This, the most exciting event in the prize ring since the meeting between Heenan and Sayers, took place on the 19th and 20th ult., and was won by Mace, who begins to understand himself better than he formerly did, and now nerves himself up to the hitting point with true courage. A full report of this battle is given in another part of this issue of the CLIPPER, and will no doubt be read with avidity by all lovers of the art of manly [illegible].

CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLING MATCH.—In another part of this issue we give a full report of the sculling match between Chambers and White, for the championship of the Thames, in which the former proved the victor. In this connection we might mention that no response has yet been made to the fair and manly challenge of the American Champion, Joshua Ward, who offered to row either Chambers or White, and to defray the expense incurred in having the match take place in American waters. By the next steamer we may have a reply from Chambers. If not, it will be taken for granted that the Thames champion fears to meet the American.

NOTICE.—Several articles have been deferred until our next, in consequence of our going to press earlier than usual. The great battle between Mace and Brettle, and the sculling match for the championship of the Thames, being looked for with much interest by the readers of the CLIPPER, we put our little craft on a little faster speed, and anticipated our regular day of publication. Correspondents whose favors are not noticed in this issue will understand the cause, and rest content until next week.

OLD SPORTS OF THE EMPIRE CITY.—We have in type, and will publish in our next week's CLIPPER, a very interesting communication concerning the genuine old sporting celebrities of New York city. In addition to houses frequented by these "veterans," a list of names of some 250 sporting characters, prominent in years gone by, will be given.

YES! YES!—In the recent fight between Mace and Brettle, on the affair being abruptly brought to a close on the first day, the referee ordered the men to meet again on the following day, and "fight it out." In the Heenan and Sayers fight, the referee "thought it best" that the battle should not be resumed. Circumstances alter cases, we presume.

FRENCH BILLIARDS.—This kind of game has been very elaborately displayed and explained by M. Berger, at Phelan's Billiard Palace, every evening of the past week. He has "broken a lance" with several of our first-class players at his own game, among them our Champion, Phelan, Messrs. Bird, Kavanagh, and White. In a game with Bird he made a run of forty points, the longest run ever made in this game in this country. We are glad to know that the billiard world is so well pleased with M. Berger and his *masse* shots, and that he is equally delighted with his reception in America.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—We are glad to hear that a sub-committee, consisting of several well known gentlemen in Boston, has been appointed by the School Board of that city, to take into consideration the subject of physical education in the public schools, as recently recommended by the superintendent of the same. This is a good move in the right direction.

AN ATROCIOUS STATEMENT.—An irrepressible gentleman from the other side of the water informs us that Garibaldi must be of Irish descent if not of Irish birth, since his name was Richard Murphy, which is now softened down to *Dick Tater*. If our friend goes on joking like this, we are afraid some dire misfortune will befall him!

DEAD.—Mr. Jas. Kelly, proprietor of the Suffolk Race Course, Philadelphia, died in that city, a few days since. Mr. Kelly was well known among the sporting celebrities of this and other cities.

DEFERRED.—Our usual correspondence and special reports of sporting matters in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and elsewhere, had not come to hand when we went to press.

AQUATICS AT ALBANY.—The Second Annual Regatta of the Albany Regatta Association, takes place on Thursday and Friday, the 11th and 12th inst. The Championship of Albany is a question then to be decided. There are to be three races on the first day, and four on the second, for which very liberal prizes are to be awarded, amounting in the aggregate to $400. A good time and fast rowing is expected, should the weather prove favorable, which we hope may be the case.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

JAMES MASSEY, (late of London,) No 282½ Bowery, near Houston street, New York. Foreign and domestic newspapers taken regularly. FREE and EASY every Monday and Saturday evenings. 39-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48 tf

HEENAN'S COLORS.—We have few more of Heenan's colors, under which he fought the great "International Fight," which may be had for five dollars each.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HEENAN.—A few copies of an excellent photographic likeness of the champion, may be had by addressing the CLIPPER office; price $1 50.

ALF. WALKER, the feather weight, from London, respectfully informs gentlemen that he gives lessons in the noble art of self defence at his Billiard Saloon, 604 Grand street, near Williamsburg Ferry, at any hour of the day. Gloves, Dumb Bells, &c., provided. Every convenience and the strictest privacy observed. Gentlemen attended at their own residence if preferred. Wines, Spirits, Ales, &c., of the best quality. 25-1t*

AARON JONES AND TOM JENNINGS.—These men met at our office, pursuant to agreement, on the afternoon of Friday, the 5th inst., for the purpose of making arrangements for a "meet" between them. They were unable, however, to come to terms. Jennings and his friends were first on hand, but were not delayed long, for Jones soon after put in an appearance, unattended, and at once stated the terms that he was prepared to agree to, namely, to fight at any point South of Philadelphia, in four months. These did not suit the opposition, they, through Dan Cunningham, stating their desire to have the fight come off at Island Pond, in Vermont, in *two* months. After considerable "chin music," it was apparent that no compromise could be effected then, and both parties left, with *no match made*. Both men seem anxious to fight, and Jennings' enthusiasm caused him to express the wish for a set-to on the next Sunday morning, to which Jones replied that he had a reputation, which, bad as it was, he was desirous of keeping. We are even now of the opinion that a match will eventually be made after the men have canvassed the matter again with their backers, by whom both of them appear to be considerably bound.

GLOVE FIGHT OUT WEST.—W. H. Bell and B. W. Herring are matched at Lane, Illinois, $25 a side; to fight with the "mits," on the 13th inst. The affair has caused considerable excitement among the boys in that quarter.

OFF HIS MUSCLE.—Mr. Richard Weaver, a Staffordshire (Eng.) miner, formerly a noted pugilist, and named "Undaunted Dick," because he had never been conquered in a battle, is now preaching with considerable success at the Victoria Theatre, London. Probably his effects there are as "striking" as they were wont to be in the ring.

MCGLADE AND ROCHE.—We hope to be able to give a decision in this matter next week.

SPARRING.

FIZZIE'S BENEFIT AT THE MELODEON.—One of those occasional brilliant gatherings on the high tariff system came off on Friday evening for the benefit of Andrew Himes, better known as Fizzie. For a week previous crowds of people have been startled out of their usual free and easy gait by huge posters with the names of John C. Heenan, Aaron Jones, Tom Jennings, Jack McDonald, Ed. Price, John Woods, Crow, Dan Kerrigan, and others, announced to appear on this occasion. Attracted by such a gorgeous array of talent, a steady stream of the bone and sinew, including all the Broadway sports from Lafayette Hall, Florence's, Frank McCabe's, the Dexter House, Hone House and other resorts of "ye sporters," poured in unceasingly from eight to ten o'clock, and by that time, you couldn't find even standing room. We do not know the number of people this hall is capable of holding, but imagine there could not be less than fifteen hundred, and we dare say, two thousand present. The majority of these at a dollar a head, must have realised Andy a snug stack of red and white fish, as well as warmed up the cockles of his heart at the numerous old acquaintances and faces he met with at every step. There were merchants, business men, lawyers and [illegible] the low [illegible], sluggers, horse jockeys, faro backers, the P. R. folks, and all fast New York in general, including, as a natural attendant on all big gatherings, a few gonoffs and knucks.

Andrew Himes, we understand, was born in Philadelphia, and though known as well as any sporting man in the city, in Philadelphia he is still better known, and in the great fight for the American championship, not a man from Old Filly but what knew him. It was here we first made his acquaintance, and our stay in Buffalo gave us an opportunity to observe the manners of all whom the daily papers are so fond of gutting over, should any little scrimmage take place between them, such as Billy Mulligan, Jim Hughes, Dad Cunningham, Pat Matthews, Himes, Bill McMullin, and others. A more polite, generous, or agreeable set of men never stopped at the International or St. James than at the time of the big match. Wherever one met any of them, either at the breakfast table, bar-room, or taking a walk, you always met with a cordial nod of recognition, the majority tipping their hats, or a hearty shake of the hand; these men, with all the affability of ladies, well educated, and many connected with some of our first families, (most all of whom are slender in the extreme,) because they have the courage to resent an insult, and the nerve to face the cannon's mouth, are pronounced everything but honorable men, the parties guilty of such blackmailing being screened by the impossibility of finding them out.

All the talent of the immense company at the Melodeon were called into play, and prominent amongst them we may mention as female dancers: Miss Emma Schell and the dashing brunette, Fanny Thompson, who commands as much attention here as Mdlle Marietta at Canterbury Hall. Miss H. O. Lalande and Kate Leslie are the principal singing birds. J. Connor, comic, and E. Harding, sentimental, are both favorite singers. Hank the mason and Jimmy Clark in the regular breakdowns, Daddy Sarisee, in the loose ones, C. Constantine, gymnastic and contortionist dancer, (a perfect wonder,) and A. Brundage and Billy Thompson spread themselves miscellaneously. Then look at Prof. Kirby, who only weighs 153 lbs., but balances nine heavy chairs and a table on his chin, and holds them out with one hand, does pretty much all Mons. Gregoire's tricks, is a ventriloquist, and has an English carriage dog that stands with his legs on a reversed chair, while the immortal Kirby balances the chair on his chin, gets down on his knees, and does all kinds of wonderful things! And Dick Sands (we'd almost forgot you, Dick,) the clog-dancer, whose general get-up is as clean as a pink, and whose face is a picture of health and good nature.

On commencing fistic operations, Mr. Himes announced his regret at having to state that the Champion was absent, for he had his consent to use his name, but that very day he had met Mr. Heenan on the Race course, and on again putting the question, that gentleman said it wouldn't do, as there would be too many roughs present. Mr. James Peckam, the M. C., then introduced the first pair namely:—

Johnny Lazarus and Dutch Sam.—Such a skillful guard was kept up against the onslaughts of the enemy, that the water came in our eyes, from steady gazing, sooner than it did in their's, but when a loop-hole was visible, out flew both the left dukes like a streak of lightning, and the right as a stopper took its place just as natural, rendering both attempts futile. While Sam was laying for a cross-counter, Johnny tried his left with success, and Samivel by being the fraction of a second too late, just missed the X, for Jack, cat-like, sprang back just far enough to feel the current created. Of course Sam was anxious to pay his instalment and coaxed Jack to try another, which he soon did, and got a little one this time for his pains, Sam without any guard, smacking away with his dexter five spot on Jack's sinister index. It was hit, stop, and rally, for four rounds, and the most even of all.

2, *Harry Lazarus and Milage Cornell.*—Harry had to put his wits together again, for as to hitting Milage without getting euchred, why it's all moonshine. Milage is so infernal quick with eyes, legs, and arms, that a return must be expected sure, and for near every lead his left and right were sure to follow, and in most cases, to reach their destination. He is as fresh as a lark all the time, and always goes about it as he would in a real encounter, sharp and effective, with a single eye on keeping his own nob out of chancery. Four rounds proved that Cornell felt too good this night to let any one take much liberty, or try to disarrange his scalp covering.

3. *Ed. Price and Crow.*—This was the only big thing of the night, and in order to whet the appetite, and give due *eclat*, some five or ten minutes elapsed after they were announced, and at one time it was thought we should be disappointed of this, as Peckam once came out laughing, and said there was at a glove big enough in the city for Norton's mawley. "Perseverance and a little oil," as the proverb goes, soon encased his meat-choppers, and as they took their places, a welcome cheer was bestowed on them. In the first two rounds little mischief was done, except an occasional rap on the paunch in favor of Price, after a number of unsuccessful attempts at Crow's head-piece. True enough, Ned tried dodging and feinting, always keeping well away, but Crow, with his long arms, presented such a formidable appearance that it was evident he meant mischief, and whenever Ned got too close in offering a lead, he was pretty sure of getting countered. In the third, Crow, who is quite ambitious, rushed for in-fighting, and a merry fibbing match was the result, each putting on full speed, and hammering with astonishing activity; the round ended with a clinch, and a little jockeying for the throw, but it was finally agreed to separate. On coming up for the fourth, Price tipped his fipper for a friendly shake and "make it all right," which was accepted, and the last round was as good a series of stopping and counters between two big men as we've seen in some time. Crow was said to have a trifle the advantage, and it was quite a treat to witness a jealous mill between big 'uns.

4. *Hugh McLain and Hen Winkle.*—This is the third time in so many weeks these two have pulled in: first at Roche's, second at Jennings', and third, on this night; but from their last performance it would be well to cheese it, especially Hen, who can make a splendid set to with an accomplished sparrer, instead of standing up and taking Hughy's awful swinging right-handers in the way he did. McLain is one of those dare-devil, clumsy customers, with the strength of a horse, and the courage of a bull, that will get in any way and won't be denied, no matter how often he gets jobbed coming in. If he only got that right in square, it was all he cared for, and could afford to take three or four stabs on his mouthpiece from Hen's straight left hand; the blows he delivered, though not so numerous, appeared to have the most effect, and oftentimes he sent it home with such impetuosity as to completely turn him round and at the mercy of his opponent, yet Hen never took advantage of it for some reason or other. Their set-to caused plenty of noise and mirth, yet it couldn't have been agreeable to either one.

5. *Patsy Nolan and Jack Gallagher.*—The difference in size and the lash style of Jolly Jack took off much of the interest, for both men were out of place. Patsy should have had Young Shay or Billy Dimmelly, and then we should have seen something, while if Jack put his hands with Cheek Ayres, a rattling set-to would have resulted. Patsy seemed like a fish out of water, and all Jack did was to jump at him and clinch, fibbing right merrily and kicking his heels while doing so, like a vicious horse. For fun this was "just the cheese," and the pretty waiters had to hold their sides while it was going on. They got the encore after it was over, of course.

6. *Shorty and Mike Brady.*—This was peculiar, for Shorty was compelled to lead every turn, and he only had to put in one before Mike rushed for the innings, the only opportunity he had of getting even. It was like Jersey rot-gut, a little of it went a great way, and when Shorty saw what his little game was, he was always ready to reciprocate his friendship.

7. *Fizzie and a Friend.*—Previous to the wind-up, Mr. Peckam stated that it was the first time Mr. Himes ever had a glove on in his life, but he would do his best to please. Fizzie is alarmingly slender, and cannot possibly be over 5ft 4 or 5in, or weigh more than 116 or 1 01b., yet in the few turn ups he has been engaged in he has always come off with flying colors, and when once warmed up, they say he possesses the strength of a six-footer and fights like a lion. From one who ought to know we learned he was very sick and in no condition for such violent exercise, yet he sparred the longest of the lot, and was not idle a single minute. In natural skill he possessed a decided advantage over his friend, and his leader, the left, was never out of his face. Although inexperienced as far as science goes, these two made quite an exciting glove fight, each showing great earnestness and good judgment. A couple of times they clinched, and while his friend was able from sheer strength to lift him off the ground, Fizzie with the cunning of a Waterford Jack, grabbed him round the thigh, and could no doubt have tossed him if he wished to. Every one was pleased with the performance, especially the beneficiary's part of it, and at 12 M. all was as quiet and snug in the Melodeon as a mouse in a corn field.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION for the benefit of Johnny Aaron is to take place at Montgomery Hall, 76 Prince street, on Tuesday, 16th inst. Johnny has been sick for the past six months, so that aside from the pecuniary assistance conferred on him, it will be quite an inducement for the lovers of the art to turn out in force to see him once more "put his hands up." The final set-to will be between him and Johnny Roche. John Woods, Scotty of Brooklyn, Mike Trainor, Jim Mooney, and other well known boxers have, so Aaron informs us, promised to appear and don the mits. Sparring will commence at 8 P. M.

CUSICK AND MCDONALD.—These parties, the trainers of Heenan, in his great match with Sayers, started out some weeks since on a sparring tour, but up to the time of writing this paragraph, we have not heard of them or their doings; from which fact it is to be inferred that their success has not been very great. When our boxing friends are doing well we always find that they like to have the fact announced. As soon as the two trainers turn up we will apprise our readers of the same.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

From Bell's Life, September 22d.

25.—Tom Scally, of Huddersfield, and Abraham Muffit, of Hightown, catch-weight, £20 a side—Yorkshire district.
Oct. 1.—Jack Connor, of Leeds, and Tom Kelly, of Dewsbury, £25 a side, catch-weight—Dewsbury district.
16.—W. Gillam, of Brighton, and Tom Tyler, catch weight, £50 a side, Home Circuit.
Nov. 6.—Tom Paddock and Hurst, (the Staleybridge Infant,) £200 a side and the Champion's belt, London.
6.—White and Harrison, £10 a side, Dudley.
13.—Woods and M'Cullay, £25 a side, North Britain.
27.—Ward's Big-un and Truckle, £50 a side, London.

FIGHT BETWEEN

JEM MACE, OF NORWICH,

AND

BOB BRETTLE, OF BIRMINGHAM,

FOR FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS.

The second match between these men, which has been on the *tapis* for the last six months, commenced on Wednesday, under any thing but favorable auspices, the weather having once more taken a wayward fit, and the "blues" in the different localities selected for the battle proving the reverse of accommodating to the expectant throng. In addition to these drawbacks we regret to have to state that the attendance of "the" school *par excellence* was more numerous than we remember for many years at a first-class mill, and the upper ten thousand being also in full force, the light-fingered gentry found the temptation to increase their store too strong to be overcome, and not only carried on their depredations at the railway station with most unblushing effrontery, but in several instances resorted to violence to obtain their ends. Tickets were no sooner purchased than they were snatched from the hands of their owners by those wishing a free passage; pockets were sounded; watches, purses, everything was swept off without a chance of recovery, and any one daring to complain ran a serious risk of getting "one for his nob" to complete his discomfiture. Much of this might have been avoided by a little management on the part of the railway officials, who kept the doors closed until so late that the general rush for tickets created the endless confusion which led to these results. Trusting that on future occasions the old proverb relative to experience may opportunely occur to those interested in these expeditions, we take our leave of this unpleasant subject and pass on to matters of more general interest.

It is doubtless well known to all our readers who take the slightest interest in pugilistic matters, that Mace and Brettle met in battle array exactly two years ago, on the 21st of September, 1858, on the banks of the Medway, on which occasion Mace covered himself with anything but renown, by crying a "go" at the end of the second round, and third minute of the battle, without so much as a mark to prove he had been in the wars. We had on that occasion to denounce him as one of the most unmitigated poltroons that ever entered a ring, and, knowing how he had deceived his backers on two former occasions, when matched with Madden, we prophesied that he would never again find any one sufficiently bold to find the wherewithal to enable him to try his fortune in the P. R. In this we proved ourselves a false prophet, seeing that in January of the following year his late opponent, Brettle, kindly taking compassion on him when down on his luck, offered him a temporary home, and matched him against Posh Price, of Birmingham, who, being somewhat stale, and not particularly clever, had to succumb in 11 rounds and 17 minutes, before the effective two-handed milling and activity of the Norwich hero. Upon this victory Jem traded for some time, and was enabled to show his face with a little more comfort and a little less shame in his native city, where he once more succeeded in getting into a business, of which he had been deprived in consequence of his affair with Brettle. Towards the end of 1859 Bob Travers took it into his head that possibly with his shifty tactics he might get "on" to Master Jem with sufficient effect to induce him to "make tracks" as quickly as he did before the bold Brummagem Pet, and the Norwich man being nothing loth, they met for £100 a side, on the 21st of February last, when, after fighting 6 rounds in 21 minutes, the crushers made their appearance, and an adjournment took place to the following day, when 57 more rounds were contested, in 91 minutes, all in favor of Mace; and Travers, finally, after dropping continually without a blow, had to submit to a verdict of "foul" at the hands of the referee for this most objectionable practice. This second victory quite put Mace on his mettle, and he forthwith issued a challenge to Brettle to fight at 10st 7lb, for the purpose, as he said, of redeeming his character. Brettle, after the way he had befriended his quondam enemy, was somewhat annoyed at his thus challenging him after he had intimated his retirement from the Ring; but as Mace seemed so anxious, Bob consented just for this once to accommodate him, and hence the present match, which, by the very knowing contributors to some of the daily journals, has been during the past week paraded as the sequel to the late fight for the Championship, and the event which was to decide the possession of the Champion's belt, which is still in abeyance.

From the time this match was made until last week it appeared to create not the slightest interest. It was looked upon as all over, bar the shout at the end, and there was no chance of a bet being got on. As the time drew on, however, and it became known that Mace was taking unusual care of himself, and had faithfully promised his backers to be a good boy, and had moreover confidently affirmed his belief that he should be able to turn the tables on Bob, public curiosity was aroused, and a good deal of betting took place at 7 to 4 on Brettle. It having become known that the backers of the men had selected the Great Western Railway terminus for their place of embarkation, and the hour of five as the time of starting, the real staunch lovers of the art made up their minds to go one more and see whether Mace could in his case make good the adage as to luck in odd numbers. Others there were of course who only knew at the Ring side when a big stake is to be fought for, who or may be the combatants, evidently forgetting, in the simplicity of their hearts, that it is not the hard cash, but the hardy determination of the parties concerned, that makes the mill worth witnessing. Some, doubtless, were tempted by the knowledge that the programme for the day embraced three events, thereby giving them plenty for their money; and not a few there were of novices in the game, who having been attracted by the universal interest to witness the Championship, had been bitten by the love of the art, and could not refrain from having one more taste of a sport which they had found so congenial to their spirits. It is on this account the more to be regretted that better order was not maintained, as we fear that the discouragement many gentlemen encountered will have the effect of inducing them at the commencement of their career to avoid with disgust a sport they were before only too ready to uphold. If this be so, the members of the P. R. will have themselves alone to blame for much of the evil.

If they would only make up their minds to stick together and assist the authorities at the stations, and protect the gentlemen from whom they expect support when they most require it, instead of turning a deaf ear to their complaints, there would not be the slightest difficulty in their preventing the robberies that are committed; and by steady perseverance we are assured they would in time get rid of the "followers," whose conduct alone it is that brings discredit upon them and their profession. This is a subject on which we have commented till we are heartily tired of repeating our warnings and advice to the pugilistic *corps*; and often as we have threatened to abandon the men and their cause if we found no improvement in their conduct, we regret to say both our advice and threats have been thrown away. With but very few honorable exceptions, among whom we may number Billy Duncan, Dan Collins, Mike Madden, and one or two others, the boxers stand aloof, looking on with silent apathy, while those who would be their friends are maltreated by the ruffians whose connection with the fancy in any way is to be so much deplored. Can it be that the boxers of England are afraid to interfere? or must it be owned with shame that but too many of them dislike offending these followers lest they should suffer any pecuniary damage, or miss the accustomed invitation to the bottle so freely accorded to keep all smooth? Whichever may be the cause, we once more solemnly warn them that times and men are rapidly changing. The public now-a-days are accustomed to protection, regularity, and order in their various sports; and protection and order they must have, or the sports at which they have delighted to be present will be deserted.

The Ring is an institution which, more than any other, requires all the efforts of its ancient supporters to keep it on its legs. For years and years have we supported it, through good report and through evil report, as one of the sports of the country which must not be allowed to drop if we would maintain our ancient hardihood, our love of fair play, and other manly attributes of the British race: but opposed to us has been the cant of certain sects, whose calumnies we have so often contradicted, and whose fallacies we have exposed. We have made a determined stand, and have ever done our best in public and in private to persuade the members of the Ring to show by their bearing and their conduct that the statements of their maligners are utterly undeserved: and now how have we been rewarded? Match after match takes place, presenting similar scenes to that enacted on Wednesday. Our exhortations are treated with contempt, and the "travellers" are allowed to do as they please. This state of things can no longer exist. We cannot be always fighting an uphill game to defend those who will not endeavor to save themselves. A willing horse may soon be ridden to death; and in our case we assure the men we address that our patience is well nigh exhausted. We may remind them that by our exertions alone has the Ring been for years kept on its legs, and we would ask them, should we abandon their cause where will they be? The answer may be conveyed in a few words, "The Ring will cease to exist." Once more, then, do we solemnly call upon them to pause in their downward career. It is but a long pull, and a strong one, and all may yet be well. A little determination will soon satisfy the obnoxious class that their presence must be dispensed with. We have in our time seen a score of these gentry, armed with life preservers, put to ignominious flight by the single arm and undaunted bravery of Owen Swift; and shall not double or treble that number be kept in awe by a dozen picked men? Let them but try it on the next occasion they may be required, and we will answer for the consequences. If they do not take our advice, all we can say is, upon their own heads be the consequences.

It is now time to proceed with our account of the match and its progress. It being stipulated that neither man was to exceed 10st. 7lb., and both being well under that mark, neither exhibited any great haste in going into severe training, this being the less necessary, as each bears the character of being a steady, temperate liver, and each is in the prime of his age. Brettle for some time "starred" the country in company with the Staleybridge Infant, while Mace took advantage of the match to work upon the curiosity and the pockets of the public by exhibiting his sparring qualities, either with the accomplished Johnny Walker, or the stalwart King (Jem Ward's big one). About six weeks back, however, both betook themselves to severe work. Bob at Hednesford, his favorite quarters, under the care of the veteran Jem Hodgkiss, by whom he has almost always been guided throughout his Ring career, and by whom he was got as fit as possible although, to our minds, he looked on stripping, somewhat staler than when he fought Sayers. We do not know who put the finishing polish upon the Norwich Pet, who trained at Yarmouth, but finer, fresher polish we never saw. Every muscle, every sinew stood out in bold relief; nowhere could we see a place where an ounce of flesh could be spared, or an ounce added to obtain perfection, and whether this condition was the result of his own careful regimen or of the watchfulness of some friend, no praise can be too high.

The battle, as our readers are aware, was originally fixed for Tuesday, but owing to the Championship of the Thames being arranged for that day, and many sportsmen wishing to see both, a postponement was consented to, the men agreeing to scale on Tuesday instead of Monday. This ceremony took place at the appointed place between twelve and two, when neither man exceeded 10st 5lb, Mace having a trifling pull. Both were in high spirits, and judging by their conversation, both were equally confident. They partook of a glass of wine together, each promising the other a warming when they should meet on the morrow, and some friendly chaff passing between them as to their former encounter. The company at the ceremony, although numerous, was anything but select, and both men left early, to seek a purer atmosphere. Each held a levee in the evening, Brettle at Alec Keene's, and Mace at Mr. Richardson's, where of course they had hosts of friends, those of Mace predominating in quantity, if not in quality. The betting was very shy, the backers of Mace standing out for 7 to 4 and 2 to 1, and the Brummagem men not feeling disposed to win their money so dearly.

Keene and Richardson, who had the arrangement of the trip, having concluded their arrangements with the Great Western Railway Company, and arranged an early start, of course all those who wished really to enjoy the mill retired early to rest, while those who fancied their nerves strong enough for the exertion, passed the night in carousing to the health of the men, and so ensuring that they would be up betimes, and moreover, saving themselves the trouble of dressing in the morning. Soon after four o'clock the Paddington terminus was alive with excitement, and in a very short time the crowd became so great as to be quite unmanageable, and then ensued the scene we have elsewhere alluded to. In the *melee* at the inner door, two gentlemen received violent blows on the face, one having his eye completely closed, and another having his nose knocked on one side, but by whom it is impossible to say. One, we hear, was struck by a member of the P. R. of high standing as a Boniface, and we would fain hope by accident or by mistake, as there could be no possible reason for the outrage. If he was the offender he must be well aware of this, and we would recommend him to make such amends to the injured gentleman as lie in his power.

We are aware there was a great rush of the swell mob at the door, and it is quite possible the blow intended for one of them alighted in the wrong quarter; and this is a view of the question which we hope and trust will turn out to be correct. So great was the rush and the struggle that Joe Wareham, Brettle's trainer, who had his boots and drawers, and Fred Oliver with the ropes and stakes, were unable to obtain admission to the platform to take their seats, and it being necessary to despatch the special before the six o'clock ordinary train, they had to follow by that conveyance, accompanied by many of the sluggers who arrived just in time to be too late. The special steamed swiftly to Goring, on the banks of the Thames, but the Oxfordshire beaks being on the *qui vive*, the train sped on its way. Why the men did not at once disembark and cross into Berkshire, only half a mile off, we know not; had they done so, we think the affair might have been settled there and then. At Wallingford Road, on the way down, no stoppage was made, but about half a mile short of Didcot the train pulled up, and the passengers, some five hundred in number, got out. To their dismay they were here quickly joined by some rural blues, who intimated that it wouldn't do.

The train had only been chartered as far as Didcot, and to proceed further was therefore impossible. The special was accordingly despatched to Didcot to be shunted on the up-line, and was there joined by Oliver and Wareham, so that everything was now in readiness for any contingency. It was past nine by the time all were reseated, and a retrograde move was at once made to Wallingford Road, where the company was welcomed by a heavy fall of rain, in the midst of which Oliver and his satellites pitched the ring on the grounds of a fine old English farmer, named John Clinch, who freely accorded permission to make use of his premises. The ring pitched, the company who had remained under shelter of the carriages, quickly proceeded to the scene of action, where, considering the state of the weather and the impossibility of sitting on the grass, a tolerable ring was formed, the sum realized by inner ring tickets not, however, reaching quite £11.

We have had many complaints as to the manner in which the ring was kept during the fight, and we must admit that it was scarcely what it should have been; but much of this is owing to the unwillingness of many of the inner-ring ticket holders, who were extremely reluctant to move further back, and so enlarge the space for spectators. As it was, they stationed themselves so closely as to almost neutralize the efforts of the constables, except on one side where the company had been fortunate enough to procure seats. All was in readiness at twenty minutes to ten, but full half an hour was wasted before the men were prepared for action. Brettle was the first to enter the ring, and was followed at an interval of nearly ten minutes by Mace, who by this tardiness, we believe, lost an opportunity of finishing off his handiwork there and then. While their toilets were performing, some little betting took place at 7 to 4 and finally at 2 to 1 on Brettle, but the investments were anything but heavy. Brettle was seconded by Jem Hodgkiss and an accomplished boxer, who shall be nameless, while Johnny Walker and an East Ender handled the Norwich Pet. By ten minutes past ten all was at length announced to be in apple-pie order, and the signal was given to commence

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On facing one another the contrast between the men was very great. Mace stood considerably over Bob, and had all the look of an *athlete* of the first-class. His well-knit limbs, square shoulders, and snake-like head were models of what a professional boxer should possess, and on this occasion, instead of the timorous look we have before remarked, he had a pleasant smile on his mug, although there was a dangerous glance in his goggles, which betokened mischief. He went to the scratch in a bold, fearless style, which indicated the utmost confidence, a confidence which we doubt not was very considerably enhanced by the "jollying" of his by no means aristocratic friends. Bob, who seemed to us somewhat slow, and was, we thought, more round-shouldered than ever, walked in his usual quiet, unpretending way to the middle of

the ring, but with an unmistakable, self-satisfied grin on his good-tempered mug, which showed that he at any rate had no fears as to the result. Just before he left his corner we heard his second whisper a hint to him to go at once to close quarters and force the fighting—a piece of advice which he was not slow to follow. With his crab-like, side-way movement, he dodged round his man, and tried to lead off, but was nearly stopped, and, as a counterbalance, warded off a very pretty return on the part of Jem. He was not to be stalled off, but tried it again, but open handed, when Jem countered him beautifully on the very point of his proboscis, from which the carmine was instantly perceptible (*first blood* for Mace, amidst the vociferous cheers of his pals.) This snorter brought the men to close quarters, and some rattling ding-dong exchanges took place, all in favor of Mace, who fought coolly and cleverly with both mawleys, while Bob, on the contrary, in his eagerness, was too wild to do execution. At length Brettle got close in, and both rolled over, Mace under.

2. On coming up, Bob's mug bore very visible proofs of Jem's handiwork; his beak was swollen, and his kisser also was distilling the ruby, while Jem had a scarcely perceptible mark under his left eye. Again did Bob try to make a dash in the hope of dismaying his opponent, but Master Mace had evidently gained additional confidence by his prowess in the last round. As Bob came, he nailed him very heavily again on the sozzle, producing more of the *aqua vitæ*, and Bob got home a rib-bender with the right. Heavy counter-hits followed, all in favor of Mace, who again drew a cork from Bob's whistler, napping a little one on the brow in return, and Bob fell laughing.

3. Bob's countenance bore still stronger marks of Jem's art as a portrait painter, while the latter was scatheless, and seemed as jolly as a sandboy. Bob lost no time in going to it, but was met, as before, with effect, Mace delivering both daddles with consummate judgment on the peeper and nose, inflicting a cut under the former; he received a right hander on the jaw, and then one on the brow, which, however, left no mark, and in getting away, fell.

4. Bob on coming up was slower and more cautious than in the last round, and waited for his man. Mace was not long in coming, and Bob then let fly his left on the conk, producing the ruby. Jem looked rather serious and the Brums becoming more cheerful assured Bob that now was his time, and that Jem would not stand another. Bob accordingly tried it again, but was very short and slow, and Mace countered him with great force on the mouth, and then made his right on the snuff box with extraordinary quickness and force. Brettle bored in, when Jem closed and threw him very heavily, falling on him. [Renewed cheering for Mace, who was now on the best possible terms with himself, and looked as proud as a carpenter's dog.]

5. Brettle was much shaken by the blows and the heavy fall in the last round, and was very slow to time. Mace awaited him in the middle of the ring, and no sooner did they join issue than he set to work left and right, as straight as an arrow, on the brow and nose, getting quickly out of harm's way, and then going at it again. The punishment he dealt out was extraordinary, and the severity of his hitting not only bothered Brettle, but astonished his own friends. Every hit seemed to leave its mark, while the returns of Brettle were extremely slow and ineffective. In the end, Bob fell, and with him fell the countenances of his supporters in the most unmistakable way.

6. Bob had a mouse under each eye, and it was evident that one or two more must close his left peeper completely. His nose and mouth, too, were fast losing their perpendicularity, the former organ, which was formerly of the Roman order, fast resolving itself into a construction of the modern Milesian style. He got up the ghost of a smile, and dashed in, when Mace, who awaited him with calmness, caught him one, two, on the dial. Bob persevered and got slightly on the body, but had no power to stop the onslaughts of the Norwich man, who performed upon him, even at the closest quarters, with extraordinary *sang froid*, and finally caught him a very hot one on the nasometer with his left, which dropped Bob on his knees, in rather a shaky condition. Just as time was called for the 7th round, the blues, who had pursued the combatants from Didcot, made their unwelcome appearance, and a suspension of hostilities was found necessary at the expiration of twelve minutes, and at a time when Mace had got his man so well in hand that there is little doubt another ten minutes (ten precious minutes, which he had himself wasted at the commencement) must in all probability have rendered him a victor, and thus saved all the fatigue and anxiety of a journey on the following day. The bluebottle and his satellites being inexorable, although perfectly good-humored, there was no help for it, and a return to the train was at once made. The backers of the men applied to the referee for orders, and that official, as the day was young, proposed a move in a homeward direction, to seek "fresh fields and pastures new," but on application to the manager of the train, that official said his orders from the company were imperative, and that he could not again put up on any part of the line. Only one alternative now remained for the referee, and he accordingly directed the men to meet at an early hour the following morning, and accompany him to a spot which he himself would select. The train having gorged its living prey, now started "bock agin," and, by twelve o'clock or thereabouts, the fashionable travellers were delivered in safety at the Paddington terminus, much to the astonishment of the inhabitants of the district, whom it would not have been very difficult to persuade that they were a fresh regiment of the Pope's Irish Brigade on their way to join General Lamoriciere. Brettle at once proceeded to Alec Keene's, where he took all necessary precautions to prepare himself for the renewed struggle of the morrow, which he evidently looked upon with very different feelings to those of the morning, although his confidence in himself and his powers of still frightening Jem into a surrender seemed but little abated. Mace of course was welcomed by the sages of the East as already a victor, and had no lack of flattering pals to keep up that spirit which his excellent performance of the morning had evidently aroused in his breast.

The friends of Mace having undertaken to procure a boat to convey the combatants to the new scene of action on Thursday, the men and their friends started from Fenchurch street at an early hour. It having in the meantime become known that some persons, for reasons best known to themselves, had communicated to the police of Chatham and Gravesend, that the men were about to pay a visit to Long Reach, which had been originally named for the meeting, it was agreed, at the latest moment, to put the double on, and change the *venue* to a place farther from home. Many persons accused Bob Brettle and his party of tampering with the authorities, but we believe such accusations to be groundless, although it is not impossible that some persons who had backed him heavily may have taken this step in the hope of saving their money. The crowd at the station on Thursday morning was even greater than at Paddington the previous day, but there was more of the East End material, and less of the Corinthian in its composition. Brettle, of course, became the observed of all, and taking into consideration how he must have had himself taken down in his own estimation, he looked as cheerful as could be expected. The effects of the punishment he had received in the short but decisive encounter of the preceding day were plainly visible. Under his left eye, which was partly closed was an ugly-looking cut, while his right eye was not only in a suit of mourning, but much puffed, in fact this peeper looked worse than the other. His nose was also swelled, and he formed a striking contrast to his opponent. Mace, with the exception of a slight mouse under the left eye, and a little swelling about the jaw, had nought the matter with him. Although he conducted himself with manly demeanor, there could be no mistaking a confidence in his bearing that told at once how sure he felt of winning. When they met at the station they greeted each other most cordially; Mace, with a manliness of disposition and proper feeling towards Brettle (who had in by-gone times acted a friend's part to him) being the first to make the necessary advance. After a pleasant journey of two hours, the rail portion of the expedition was concluded, and at Southend a couple of steam tugs were in waiting. For a little time there was some difficulty experienced in getting on board, but this having been made right, all went on as correctly as the most thorough paced disciplinarian could wish. The captain of the leading craft, acting under the advice of a well-known pilot who was on board, took the expedition to ground that had never before been visited by the Fancy. Oliver completed his arrangements with the utmost expedition, and no sooner had this been made known than Mace lost no time in making his appearance within the ropes. Under the charge of his seconds, he at once proceeded to disrobe, and seemed wonderfully eager to get his toilet completed. Brettle had not yet made his appearance, and there was a demand made for the Brum, but twenty minutes elapsed ere Bob made his appearance at the ropes, who, on throwing his cap into the ring, stated, with a smile, that it was not over yet. Bob's seconds now proceeded to make their man ready, but they certainly were by no means bent on hurrying themselves; but the longest and most elaborate toilets must in time be brought to a finish, so at length Bob received the finishing touch. The day was magnificent, the gentlemen comfortably seated, and the ring keepers, under the management of the indefatigable Billy Duncan, aided by Jemmy Shaw, did their duty in a very creditable manner; for throughout the utmost order was maintained, the few Corinthians who were present expressing themselves as highly satisfied. There was not a bet made round the ring; for, although any amount of odds were offered on Mace, yet the Birmingham party did not evince the least desire to invest. Indeed, there was not one among them who imagined Bob had the remotest chance. By five minutes past one o'clock the combatants were conducted to the scratch, and left to begin the

RENEWED FIGHT.

Round 1. How striking was the difference between the men now to what it had been on the preceding day. There was Brettle, all radiant with confidence, and within himself certain that it would require but a repetition of the performance he so well executed in their first encounter to bring him through in triumph. On the Wednesday he had entered the ring with a buoyant and eager step, as though he could not be brought too soon to face his opponent. Bob was now quite a different man, and thought he attempted to conceal it with a smile, he evidently felt himself a beaten man. Mace, on the other hand, was as confident as a man could be; indeed, it would have been strange had it been otherwise. No sooner had Brettle put himself into position than, instead of dashing at his man to force the fighting, as he had done before, he stepped back, determined to try if any alteration of his tactics could alter the fortune of war. Although Mace had been prepared for this alteration in the tactics of his opponent, still for an instant he appeared to be a little puzzled. For a brief moment he stood in the middle of the ring and watched his man with his keen glance, then, drawing himself together with the skill of a consummate master, he went in. When they got to distance Bob let fly the right, and got home on the side of the head, but was too round to be effective. The opening had now been made, when Jem countered with his man beautifully, getting well on the dial. Brettle broke ground, followed by the Norwich champion, who was determined to make no waiting job of it, knowing how true is the old adage that delays are dangerous. As Jem followed his man up, the Brum in the counter-hitting got home the right on the cranium, and in retreating got to the ropes and went down.

2. Mace came from his corner with a smiling countenance, and was instantly met by the Brum. Now came an exhibition of those splendid milling qualities that shone so conspicuous in Jem's battle with Travers. No sooner did he get within range than with the left and right he got home on his man with stinging severity, doing execution on Bob's right lamp and smeller. The Brum's returns were of the most harmless character, for they were wild, and, being neither well timed nor well placed, by no means effective. As Bob shifted position he got down on one knee, but on the instant he was up again to renew the battle. In the struggle the men came on the ropes, and in the fall Mace was under. (There was a little attempt to claim foul, as Brettle, it was alleged, had gouged his man but the referee properly took no notice.)

3. On coming up, Mace had some claret about his smeller, but it was not of any importance; while it was evident, from the appearance of Brettle's phiz, that Mace had again been all over it. Brettle again tried to keep away from his antagonist, but Mace followed him up, and on getting to distance administered a splendid left-hander straight in the middle of the head, which sent Bob's nob for the instant bowing like an obsequious mandarin, at the same time producing the claret from his nose and mouth. As Bob broke, Jem followed him up and again administered the left on the dial, when the Brum went down with something very much like a knock-down blow.

4. Brettle tried to lead, but hit open-handed, so that independent of there being no precision, his blows had no effect. Mace, with well directed deliveries, got full in the middle of the head, and in a rally they fought near the ropes, when Jem nailed his uppercut beautifully with the left, and the Brum finding it a great deal too warm to be pleasant, went down.

5 and last. Both men came readily from their corners, but no sooner had Mace faced his man than he planted on him left and right with astonishing rapidity, doing execution with telling force right in the middle of the head, each blow being sent home with a straightness that increased its force, while, as a fine point of science, it was much admired. Brettle, in this round, fought spiritedly with his man round the ring to the ropes, when, after receiving another dose, he went down, and on being taken to his seconds, they became wonderfully busy. On time being called, Mace, almost without a mark, sprang from his second's knee, and stood in the middle of the ring. Time was called repeatedly, without effect, and at last was called by the referee, when, instead of Brettle appearing at the scratch, the sponge was thrown up by Bob's principal second, and Mace was hailed the winner, the battle having lasted seven minutes. Thus in two rings it will be seen that the combatants fought eleven rounds in 19 minutes. Mace had no sooner been hailed the winner than he dashed across the ring to Brettle's corner, and grasped his hand with the utmost cordiality.

REMARKS.

This contest unquestionably presents one extraordinary feature, and this must strike at a glance the most unmitigated amateurs in such matters. Here are two men who met in 1858, when Mace was defeated by his opponent with the most consummate ease, being completely settled in one hit. We admit that it is by no means wonderful for a man, even the best blood of the Ring, to receive the *coup de grace* from a chance blow—such the history of the P. R relates has often been the case. The defeat of Mace, however, at that time was by no means looked upon in that light, it being well known that there was no *coup de grace* in the matter. How different is now the position of the Norwich Champion, and having had to encounter the frowns of the fickle goddess, how welcome must now be her smiles. A moment's consideration of the position of Jem Mace must be a convincing proof to his brother professionals that there is nothing like honesty and straightforwardness, for since Mace has determined to be "a good boy" see how his meritorious conduct both in and out of the Ring has met its reward. The dawning success of the middle weight champion may be said to have commenced from February last, when he defeated Bob Travers, for it was unquestionably the manly style in which he acquitted himself on that occasion which induced his backers to give him an opportunity of retrieving his lost laurels with the gallant Brum. We are bestowing on Mace no undeserved or exaggerated praise when we state that he is one of the finest boxers that we have for some time past seen figure within the ropes. There can be no doubt that he can fight equally well with the right as with the other mawley. As a tactician (against the men with whom he has at present contended) he appears to be faultless, for there does not appear a point he does not try to make the most of, nor a move to which he is not perfectly fly, while his fine straight deliveries and his precision, are so many proofs of his scientific judgment. We believe it is not his intention to again figure within the Ring, and we think that he could not choose a more desirable opportunity than the present to make his exit, as he would do so the clever and admired winner of a great and important fight. He has now the opportunity of settling down prosperously to his business, and in doing so he will only be following the advice of his warmest and staunchest patrons. This will certainly be the last time that Brettle will figure in the ring, and it is not therefore requisite to make any lengthened remarks on his style of fighting. To be brief, then, we will merely state, from the superior skill of his opponent, he had not the ghost of a chance; and in the opinion of one and all, he never fought so badly, for he not only hit open handed, but displayed neither judgment, time, nor distance. The manner in which he fought was a complete surprise to all who had seen him exhibit in the ring on former occasions. He was much crestfallen at the easy defeat he had sustained, for to none more than Bob himself was it a greater surprise. Both men, after they had been dressed, were present at the second fight, and sat together in the most friendly manner—a proof that there was no ill-feeling between them.

LATEST PARTICULARS OF THE GREAT MILL.

APPREHENSION AND DISCHARGE OF BOB BRETTLE.

After the fight was interrupted a general scamper was made for the steamers, and all pressure was made to arrive at Southend, and thence to the metropolis. An hour elapsed before the departure of the 5:30 train, the belligerents and their friends of course under the circumstances being most anxious to get away. Only two policemen were at the station, and they watched the passengers very eagerly as they entered the train. Nothing occurred of any significance or consequence, but on the train coming to a stoppage at Leigh, a strong posse of police were upon the platform, who at once commenced a search for the principal actors of that day's proceedings. Poor Bob Brettle was the first collared, and Bodger Crutchley, Young Bodger, and Damper were also booked for the same journey.

Not until the last-mentioned, however, had tested the pedestrian powers of the peelers. Mace, in good luck, managed to escape detection by lying under one of the seats in the railway carriage, hidden by his "pals," and by the advice of a friend he got out at an intermediate station, and from thence got clear away in a cab. Brettle and his companions were placed in a compartment with the police, and thus journeyed to Tilbury, and thence were taken across the water to Gravesend, and for the night were confined in a cell, Crutchley, however, with the most praiseworthy generosity, sitting up with poor Bob, and bathing his bruises, and otherwise ministering to his comfort. Every attention, however, and kindness was shown to the captives; the authorities allowed them every possible consideration. In the course of the following (yesterday) morning, Brettle, the Crutchleys and Damper were brought up before a bench of magistrates. Mr. Beard, the solicitor, having been summoned to defend the party.

After a short examination Brettle was discharged from custody, there being in the opinion of the bench no case against him; but Crutchley and Damper, against whom the police produced evidence of fighting, were remanded on bail until Monday week, a worthy host of the town, although unknown to the men, standing bail. The proceedings were perfectly unconstitutional, and we rejoice that poor Bob got so well out of his final difficulty, and we hope that all who have coors of him will "shell out" at once, and show their appreciation of this good, game fellow, who came up gallant y a second time, when fortune was dead against him.

Immediately Brettle and his friends reached London, last night, he and his friends called at our office, and we were happy to perceive that he had considerably improved since the preceding day.

The backers of Mace, for his gallant conduct and bravery, intend presenting him with a belt, one of the handsomest hitherto produced. The order has been intrusted to little Billy Preston, the prince of belt makers; and, after the specimen that he has placed before the public, in the four and six miles champion belts for running, we can safely leave others to judge of what Mace's belt will be. However valuable that belt may be, we can only say that he richly deserves this honorable trophy. We shall be most happy to add our mite, and shall also be glad to receive subscriptions from all admirers of pluck and valor.

Mace and friends called at our office yesterday, and beyond a slight swelling of the lip and the least discoloration of the left eye there were no traces of having met such a formidable antagonist as the renowned Bob. We see nothing to prevent Mace being Champion of England, and doubtless Jem has a go an eye to that trophy, the contest for which has recently shook both hemispheres. In our report of the fight between Longmore and Crutchley in another column, we omitted to state that up to the time of the Police intertering, they had been fighting sixty-eight minutes.—*Sporting Life, Sept.* 22.

From the Sporting Life, Sept. 22

YOUNG BODGER CRUTCHLEY AND LONGMORE (alias) DAMPER.

The ring was then cleared for two contry bantams to settle their differences for the sum of £20 a side. They were both backed from the neighborhood of Birmingham and came up to the metropolis, each with the character of a "good 'un." Longmore was confined to the weight of 8st. 9lbs., and Crutchley was allowed to be "catch weight." There was no time lost in getting the lads ready, the referee, seconds, and all other preliminaries having been settled before hand; for obvious reasons we refrain from giving the names of those functionaries. At exactly twenty-nine minutes to three o'clock the lads stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both lads stripped well, evident pains having been taken in their preparation. On putting themselves into attitude Bodger looked the bigger of the two, and his partizans eagerly took all the money offered at evens. Both looked confident, and a smile was on each of their mugs, but from their cautious movements it was plain that the fight would be a long one. After manœuvring several times round the ring, and sparring for an opening, Bodger led off with his left, which alighted on the bridge of Longmore's spectacle supporter; this led to a close, in which some wild work took place, and both went down.

2 Bodger tried to invest with his sinister mawley, but was alert. After some tedious sparring they rushed to a close, in which some good in-fighting took place, and in the end both were down.

3. On coming up "first blood" was claimed for Bodger, and the ruby was seen trickling from the boko of Damper, who in half-arm fighting in the past round had had the bark stripped from that organ. More cautious sparring, after which Longmore dashed in his left at the body, and got countered severely on the smeller. They exchanged some hearty half-arm hits, Bodger on the forehead, Damper on the ribs, and in the struggle for the fall Longmore was uppermost.

4. Longmore tried his left, but Bodger would not stand it, and got away laughing. Bodger then hit out with his left, but was out of distance; they then got together, and some few exchanges took place in favor of the Brum. They broke away and sparred for some time. At length Damper let go his left bang into Bodger's dinner-holder, and avoided the return; this induced him to invest again on the same spot, and he also got on Bodger's brain pan with the same hand, but in return copped a hot "un" from Bodger's right on the drinking fountain, which made him get down.

5. They were no sooner up than they rushed to in-fighting, and Bodger fibbed away merrily with his left on Longmore's "os frontis," Longmore making Bodger's ribs his point of attack. After a struggle for the fall, both went down side by side. 5 to 4 on Bodger (offered).

6. Both came up smiling. As yet little damage had been done on either side; neither of the lads seemed to like to be the first to begin, and a great deal of cautious sparring took place. After some feinting Damper lounged out his left on the mark, which got home with good effect. Bodger countered him with severity on the snuff box; they closed and after some good in-fighting and a struggle at the ropes, both went down.

7. Bodger led off with his left, which went over Longmore's shoulder; they sparred for an opening, then rushed to a close, and Longmore was thrown heavily.

8. Both up quickly at the call of "time," and eager for fighting. After a little feinting Longmore let go his left, which got home on Bodger's forehead; Bodger clutched his man, and again threw him.

9. More manœuvring, after which Bodger dashed out his left, but was short; in a second attempt with the same mawley, he reached Longmore's right cheek, though but very slightly. This led to a close, and in the struggle for the fall, they got to the ropes, and both were down. Longmore outside the ring.

10. Bodger first at work, investing his left on the snorer, and sending in a rib-roaster with his right, Longmore in return hitting open-handed. Bodger then missed a vicious right-hander, which, had it got home, would have told tales. This brought on a close, in which some lively exchanges took place, all in favor of Bodger, who in the fall was uppermost.

11. Longmore slow to the call of time; but when up was the first to lead off with his left at the body, but was short. Bodger countered him on the forehead; they closed, and both were down.

12. Very short, for they were no sooner up than they reached to in-fighting, in which some wild exchanges took place, in which no damage was done. The round ended by each falling, stern foremost, in opposite directions.

13. Both cautious. After considerable sparring, they closed, and both were down.

14. On coming up, no mark of punishment was as yet visible, with the exception of a slight peeling off on Longmore's snorter; but Bodger soon altered the state of affairs by sending out his left, which got home straight on Longmore's conk, and again on his left eyebrow, which last investment opened a gash, from which the ruby flowed freely, and Longmore got down.

15. Bodger first to call of time, and no sooner faced his man than he paid another visit to Longmore's left peeper, and cleverly got back from the return. He then invested with the left three times in succession on Damper's smeller, which considerably "damped" the spirits of the latter's friends. Some wild exchanges then took place. In the struggle both went down, side by side, and while their seconds were getting to them, had an amicable chat together.

16. On coming up Longmore showed visible marks of Bodger's handiwork in the preceding round, his nose being considerably larger than intended by Dame Nature, his left eye showing an inclination to join the "early" closing movement, and his liquor imbiber being thicker than a nigger's. Bodger immediately got to work, and closing with his man, delivered both hands with great precision and force on the front of Longmore's head; wild exchanges again took place, ending in a fall, Bodger uppermost.

17. Bodger as soon as up introduced a stinger on Longmore's nose, followed this up with another on the same spot, which dropped Longmore on his nether end. First knock down for Bodger.

18. Both slow to time, after a little sparring Bodger again reached Damper's smeller with his sinister duke; Longmore returned the compliment on the ribs with his right, and in a scrambling rally both lads went down. Six to four on Bodger taken.

19. Bodger the first to lead off with his left, but was out of distance, he again lounging out wildly with the same hand, which went over Longmore's shoulder, the latter returned on the ribs. A rally and both down.

20. Bodger, without a mark, smiling with confidence, evidently feeling he had the trump card, was still cautious not to throw a chance away. After some dodging and feinting Longmore let go his left, which reached Bodger's chin, but did no damage, as the blow lacked steam; they closed at the ropes, and in the struggle for the fall both tumbled through the ropes, head first into the referee's lap.

21. Bodger again up first; Longmore feinted to draw his man, and then delivered his left on Bodger's left daylight, but striking open handed. Did no damage, thereupon Bodger closed and threw his man.

22. Longmore hit out very low with his left; this led to a rally, in which some sharp blows were exchanged. They broke away, eyed each other for a moment, then closed again, and in the in-fighting that ensued Bodger once more landed on the old sore. He then got the hug on, and after holding his man for some little time, threw him.

23. On coming up Longmore appeared weak from the punishment he received in the preceding round, Bodger following the advice of his seconds, went to his man, and after delivering his right on the jaw, closed with and threw his man. 2 to 1 on Crutchley.

24. Crutchley forced the fighting, but through want of precision failed to finish off his opponent. A scramble followed, in which they both got outside the ropes—both down. Bodger much the strongest man.

25. Bodger again on the kissing department with his left. Longmore returned slightly on Crutchley's left eye, another wild rally, in which they again got to the ropes, and both were down.

26 Longmore led off with his left, but was out of distance. Crutchley then closed with his man, and threw him a cross buttock.

27 Longmore neatly stopped Crutchley's left, and returned with a swinging hit on Bodger's left listener. Bodger in attempting to get on to his man, slipped up, and an appeal was thereon made to the referee on the ground that he had gone down without a blow. But the referee's flat was "fight on."

28 to 30 were all in favor of Crutchley, who paid repeated visitations to Longmore's damaged frontispiece, drawing fresh supplies of the claret, and each round ending in both falling, Longmore undermost.

31. Longmore's physiognomy was now greatly out of proportion. Crutchley, excepting a slight flush on the left cheek bone and ribs, being unmarked. The latter plated two "hot 'uns" in succession on Longmore's nose, which made him "sniff" again, but he returned on Crutchley's ribs, when the latter slipped down.

32. Crutchley on the forehead with his left, Longmore hit open-handed on his opponent's ribs, at which "The Brum" smiled; in a rally which followed Crutchley again slipped down.

33. Crutchley led off with his left, but was short, but succeeded in a second attempt in getting on to Longmore's damaged "snout," he then closed with Longmore, and threw him heavily on his head.

34 Crutchley obeyed the call of his seconds to go in and fight, by delivering his left with stinging effect on Longmore's nose and mouth; he fought his man all over the ring, several times visiting the old sores. Longmore, to avoid punishment, closed, and after a short struggle for the fall, both were down.

35. Was a short one, Crutchley delivering his left on the mouth, and again on the head without a return, and then, in stepping back, slipped down.

36. On coming up to the call of time, Longmore, like the game fellow he undoubtedly is, tried to put the smile on; but from the altered state of his features, more resembled a hippotamus' grin. Crutchley immediately went to his man, and forced the fighting, and the round was finished by both going down.

37. Was no sooner commenced than Crutchley closed with his man and threw him.

38 Longmore tried his left at the body, but was met with a "hot 'un" on the snorter from Crutchley's left, which he repeated three times without a return, and fought his man down. Cries of "Police!"

39. Bodger determined to finish his man; as soon as up commenced the fighting, and delivered a couple of stingers on the mouth and nose, bringing his man to a stand still. The blues by this time were in sight, when a rush was made to the boats, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued; the police, unadvisedly we think, drawing their staves, and in their attempt to capture the men used them indiscriminately. This, of course, brought forth retaliation from those attacked, in which some very ugly knocks were given by both parties. One of the combatants took to the water like a fish, and boldly struck out to sea, thus cleverly evading the myrmidons of the law—of course, hostilities between the two belligerents for that day were brought to a close. On the train arriving at Leigh, two miles from Southend, a large body of police were on the platform, and on the stoppage of the train commenced a searching of the occupants of the carriages, and, from among the *voyageurs*, selected poor Bob Brettle, Bodger Crutchley, Young Bodger, and "Damper." As soon as the word was given that the representatives of the law were approaching every one was, as is the custom, preparing to leave the ground before the police were within 110 yards of the ropes, and had it not been for the violence used in attempting to arrest the men, we should not have had the unpleasant necessity of recording any disturbance.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

HURST AND PADDOCK.—We have received a further deposit of £20 a side for this match made at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street on the 20th, inst. when it was announced that both men were gone into active training.

ALLEN AND HALL.—These men met at an early hour on Monday morning at catch weight, for £5 a side, within a short distance of home. They got at once to work in rattling style and continued for upwards of 40 minutes, in which time Allen's phiz showed evident marks of Hall's handiwork. The police then put in an appearance; a hasty move was at once made, and it was arranged for the men to meet again the same day, and fight it out. Allen was proceeding to the place of meeting when he was taken into custody, and brought up, and bound over for a term.

ELWARD AND DOTT.—The umpire of Elward objects to the money for this match being given to Dott, because he did not appeal to the referee. The referee says he was appealed to by Dott's umpire, which evidently shows there was a disagreement, and we must therefore send the money to Dott, at Mr. R. Glass's, Burnett's-close, Edinburgh.

CHARLEY LYNCH is to receive a belt from one of Her Majesty's Body Guard.

THE "CLIPPER" TROTTER IN ENGLAND.—On Saturday last a spirited affair came off on the turnpike road, not a hundred miles from Wilmington Green, where many a hard contested race has been made, in the presence of a large assembly, who had migrated for anything in the shape of out door sport. Among the Corinthian patrons of sporting were to be seen several fair daughters in the full bloom of crinoline. The first spin being made between Farmer Holloway, the "Hero," and Jimmy Cheat, the "Clipper," 100 yards, the "Clipper" giving his opponent half the distance. The "Hero" who had undergone no previous preparation for the match, wore the usual pedestrian togs. The "Clipper" appeared confident in winning; at starting the betting being 6 and 7 to 4 on the "Hero," 2 to 1 on the "Clipper." The signal given, off they started at a rattling pace, when the "Hero" went bounding along, and won easily by several yards, much cheered by his backers and friends.—*Sporting Life, Sept.* 22.

GREAT TRIGGER MATCH.—Messrs. Sheppard and Wood shot a match at pigeons at Hyde Park, Sheffield, Eng., on the 19th and 20th ult., for £200, at 100 birds each, 1¼ oz shot, 21 yards rise, find and trap for each other. The first day's shooting resulted in Wood killing 38, and Sheppard 33 birds. On the second day Wood killed 29, and Sheppard 24, thus giving the victory to Wood.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING.—Five sergeants of the 221 depot battalion, Stirling, having got up a shooting match in the first period (from 150 to 300 yards) on Friday the 7th inst., made an average of 29·40 points per man; and having subsequently seen in the *United Service Gazette* a paragraph relative to a detachment of eight men of the 21 battalion 18th Foot making in the first period—file, volley, and skirmishing practice—the then unprecedented average of 55·64, the sergeants then resolved, if possible, to gain permission to perform the file, volley, and skirmishing practice. This liberty having been granted, and the practice conducted under the superintendence of Capt. Webber, 42nd Royal Highlanders, musketry instructor to the battalion, the following are the averages obtained:—First period, 29·40; file firing, 13·20; volley, 13·20; skirmishing, 9·80—making the figure of merit, 65·60. Percentage of hits to rounds fired 86·80, which is believed to be the best shooting with the Enfield rifle ever published.—*London Field.*

THE TRIGGER.

MORE OF THE TRIGGER.—On the 22d ult., a display at the trigger came off at Blind Hartman's Tavern, Alsace township, about five miles from Reading City, Pa., for a lady's handsome gold watch, valued at $18; eighteen chances; five birds allowed to each contestant; from spring trap; 21 yards rise; 84 yards bounds; 1¼ oz. shot; one trapper. The annexed is the summary:—

A D Werner	0 1 1 1 0—3	W Eder	0 1 1 1 0—3
A D W	1 1 1 0 —3	A W	1 1 0 —2
A D Werner	1 1 1 1 1—5	F U mer	1 1 1 1 0—4
N Berkhart	1 0 1 1 1—4	F Rowe	1 1 0 —2
do	1 1 1 1 1—5	H Bernhart	1 1 1 0 1—4
A Wyoming	1 0 —1	J Pfleger	1 1 1 1 1—5
S Fick	1 1 1 1 —4	J S Marsh	0 1 0 —1
A Wyoming	0 —0	S Dolp	1 0 1 0 1—3

It will be seen that some of the parties in this contest had more than one chance. H. Bernhart's fourth bird was struck, and shot by an outsider, fell dead within bounds. James Pfleger, who had three chances, was obliged to shoot the two remaining, through which arrangement some dissatisfaction was expressed, it being an opinion quite current that he ought to have shot off the ties first. He winged the whole of the ten birds in reserve for him; the settlement fo. the ties being left for another day. A. D. Werner and Pfleger went partners in the shooting.

OTHER AFFAIRS.—Immediately after the above, a sweepstakes came off at double birds, at 18 yards rise—same conditions as before—entrance 50 cents. In this, James Pfleger was victorious. Then came a third trial of skill, in which the contestants were A. D. Werner, A. Wyoming, and James Pfleger. A tie was the result—Werner and Wyoming scoring the same number (11). This would have been decided the same afternoon, had not another tie been made—numbers as before, 11.

ANOTHER TRIAL FOR THE GOLD WATCH.—This came off on the 24th ult., at Neldley's; seven birds each; from spring trap; 21 yards rise; 84 yards fall; 1¼ oz. shot; trap for each other; from one bore; gather for themselves; shoot alternately. The following is the summary:—

N Berkhart	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6	Jas Pfleger	1 1 0 1 0 1—4
Do., on 2d chance	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 —6	The result was a tie, as it will be seen, but the shooting was postponed to another day. Meanwhile, the remainder of the 24th was devoted to some smaller affairs, the first of which was a sweepstake, at three birds each, same conditions as above.	
A D Werner	1 0 1—2	N Berkhart	1 1 1—3

On the 29th, the third trial for the gold watch took place. The parties having adjourned to the grounds of a friend, the preliminaries were soon disposed of—the conditions being the same as on the 24th. The score is annexed:—

N Berkhart	1 1 0 1 0 1 1—5	Jas Pfleger	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6

Thus ended the arduous contest, and in the most amicable manner, we are glad to say. There being a supply of birds left, it was agreed to shoot for a small sweepstakes (50 cents entrance), at three birds each—same conditions as before.

A D Werner	1 0 1—2	A Wyoming	1 0 1—2
C Bechlet	0 0 0—0	Jas Pfleger	0 1 1—2
N Berkhart	0 0 1—1	Sam Fick	1 1 1—3

As three birds remained, an amateur, named Jerold, made a pop at them, and succeeded in bringing down the whole number.

REFLECTOR.

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT PORTLAND, ME.—The trot for a sweepstakes of $200 (outsiders' purse) mile heats, best three in five, (which was an addendum to the Maine State Fair) came off on the 29th ult. Four horses competed—grey gelding St. Lawrence, entered by S. Ling, of Portland; bay gelding Garibaldi, entered by Waldo S. Pierce, of Bangor; grey gelding Meddlesome, entered by L. A. Hitchcock, of Boston; and bay gelding What is It, entered by J. H. Dunning, of Boston. These were handled respectively by Mr. Ling, A. S. Hunt, Bid Woodruff, and Adams Carpenter. The judges having decided to start the horses in pairs, on account of the narrowness of the track, Garibaldi won the inside, with St. Lawrence on the outside, and Meddlesome the inside, with What Is It as a partner. The race was contested with some spirit—particularly the third heat, in which the two greys and Garibaldi showed off to the best advantage. At the termination of the fourth, the driver of St. Lawrence claimed a dead heat, on the ground that he had been cut off by What Is It; whereupon, the judges acceded to the claim, at the same time ruling the two bays out of the race. This decision was afterwards changed, so far as it affected Garibaldi. The following is the summary:—

MAINE STATE FAIR GROUNDS, Portland, Saturday, Sept. 29th. Trotting for outsiders' purse of $200. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness:

W. Woodruff named g. g. Meddlesome	1 3 1 0 1
S. Ling named g. g. St. Lawrence	2 1 3 0 2
A. S. Hunt named b. g. Garibaldi	3 2 2 3 3
A. Carpenter named b. g. What Is It	4 4 4 dist.
Time—2:48, 2:45, 2:46, 2:45, 2:51.	

A TROT AT PROVIDENCE.—A little affair came off at the above place, on the 4th inst., between Mountain Maid, a large Bashaw mare, owned by David Blanchard, of Boston, and the bay mare, Lady Oxnard, owned by Z. G. Brownell, of Cambridge. Mountain Maid won in three straight heats, a result not generally expected previous to the horses coming to the score. Lady Oxnard was out in condition by reason of taking cold. The Maid had the pole and took the lead throughout. The following is the summary:—

WASHINGTON COURSE, Providence, R. I., Thursday, Oct. 4th, 1860. Match $400, mile heats best 3 in 5, to wagons.

Dan Mace named s. m. Mountain Maid	1 1 1
Z. G. Brownell, named b. m. Lady Oxnard	2 2 2
Time. 2:48½. 2:52. 2:53.	

A TEN MILE TROT.—At Manchester, N. H., on the 29th ult., the "Brock Colt" and the mare "Zaidee" trotted ten miles at the Elm street Park, for $50 a side, to harness. The colt won, making the entire distance in 35:37.

THE DOUBLE TEAM TROT.—Not the least among the exciting events of the past week has been the double team trotting match, at the Union Course, on Wednesday, Oct. 3d. We are compelled to leave out the report made by our reporter that we may be enabled to give a full sketch of the Brettle and Mace battle. Muscle must at times take the preference over even "man's best friend, the horse." We can only give in this connection a record of the time made:

UNION COURSE, L. I., Wednesday, Oct. 3d, 1860.—Double team trotting match, for a purse of $1 000, mile heats.

Horace L. Jones named Putnam and Mate	1 1 1
Sam McLaughlin named Jim and Mate	2 2 2
Time, 2:40½; 2:40; 2:39¾.	

FASHION COURSE L. I.—THE LAST OF THE FALL MEETING.—We regret to say that, in concluding our record of the last days racing at the Fashion Course, we have nothing to write that would interest a true sportsman. Nicholas I. defeated "Oysterman" on Wednesday, Oct 3, in a three-mile race for a purse of $700. At the start, Oysterman was the favorite at $400 to $250. Muddy Coon was entered for the purse, but withdrew in season *to save a distance*. The Fall Meeting ended as it commenced, in a "fizzle." As a matter of record, we give our summary:—

Mr. J. Hunter enters ch. g. Nicholas I.	1 1
Mr. O. P. Hare enters b. h. Oysterman	2 2
Time—5:56; 5:51½.	

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—A sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. C. W Tuxbury, S. W Bates, S K Lothrop, S. C Cobb, and F. F. Thayer, has been appointed by the school board to take into consideration the subject of physical education in our public schools, as recommended by Mr. Philbrick, superintendent of schools, in his semi-annual report.—*Boston Courier, Oct

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE NEXT BASE BALL CONVENTION.—The next convention of the National Association of Base Ball players will be held at the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday, Dec. 12th, 1860, on which occasion we hope to see every base ball club in the United States fully represented, and to enable all to send delegates we here insert the rules to be abided by in order to become members of the association, and we do it thus early in order to enable those clubs at a distance to arrange matters so that they may send their delegates at the proper time. Article 3rd, section 2nd, of the Constitution of the N. A. B. B. P., reads as follows: "Any Base Ball Club desiring to be represented in this Association, shall present to the Recording Secretary, *at least thirty days previous to the annual meeting of this association*, a written application, signed by its President and Secretary, setting forth the name of the club, date of its organization, days and places of playing, names of its officers and delegates, and the number of members comprising it, which shall be immediately submitted to the committee on Nominations; but no such application shall be received by said Secretary unless presented *thirty days previous* to the annual meeting." Section 3rd, reads as follows: "No club shall be represented in this association by any delegate under twenty one years of age; nor shall any club be so represented until the delegates have signed the Constitution and paid the required fee." The Association is composed of two delegates from each club duly admitted to a representation in the convention. Therefore all that it is requisite for those clubs to do who are members of the association is to elect their delegates at once, and those clubs that are not, and desire to be in the association, can join by promptly attending to the rules above recorded. We hope to see a full representation from the Philadelphia clubs at this next convention, and would suggest to them to be stirring in the matter so as to be in time,

THE AMERICAN CRICKET CLUB.—The first quarterly meeting of this club was held at the club rooms, corner of Court and Joralemon streets, Brooklyn, on the 1st inst., at which considerable business was transacted. It was resolved to have the opening day of the club on the 16th of this month, on which occasion two elevens of the club will play a match, each being assisted by a professional player. About forty members are now enrolled on the Secretary's books, twenty new members being added at this meeting. The funds of the club, too, were increased by the payment of the semi-annual dues by the majority of the members. The high character of those who have charge of the government of the club, and the excellent list of members it can show, places it at once in the van as one of our leading cricket clubs of the United States. Many among its members have been untiring in their efforts to forward its progress, among those who merit praise for their strenuous exertions in this respect, we would name Mr. Thos. S. Dakin and J. B. Bach, both of these gentlemen being unflagging in promoting any object they have in view. Under the supervision of the excellent corps of officers elected to take charge of its affairs, we have no doubt of its final success, or of its having a high standing in the list of American Cricket Clubs. The officers for 1860 are as follows:—President, Thos. S. Dakin; Vice President, Thos. Walden, Jr.; Secretary, J. B Bach; Treasurer, E K. McIlvain; Board of Directors, Messrs. T. F. Jackson, H. Parker, and J. C Whiting. By the courtesy of the Long Island Club, the American Club will practice on their grounds during the remainder of the season.

A WORD FOR THE WORKING MAN, ETC.—SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1860.—EDITOR CLIPPER:—Some months since I noticed a very excellent article in the CLIPPER, giving the reason why Irish laborers die young in the States. The horrible poison that scabby whiskey is made of, causes more deaths amongst them than the siege of Sebastopol did. Smith O'Brien was right when he said that his countrymen who spend so much of their hard-earned money on rot gut, had better have staid at home on a shilling a day, where the whiskey was so much better. It seems to me if good, wholesome, unadulterated home-brewed ale was more used, it would be much better for all classes—not miserable trashy lager beer, destitute of both malt and hops. Dickens, in his "Hard Times," said he had a weak idea that the English were as hard worked a people as the sun shone upon. But it is well known that they are not worked one iota harder, or have any longer hours than mechanics and laborers have in the States. Cotton mills are compelled by law in England to work only ten hours a day. In Massachusetts, cotton factories used to work very long hours—what they work now I don't know.

In England, for the last fourteen or fifteen years, banker's clerks, warehousemen, and mechanics have had a half holiday on Saturdays, and it has been attended with excellent results. If the half holiday system was introduced once a week among operatives in this country, it would be a great improvement. From the general tone of your paper, I am glad to see that you are in favor of plenty of out-door exercise, and opposed to long hours. It is all very well for capitalists and unprincipled demagogues to gull poor people with patriotic bunkum speeches about the "glorious privileges" they enjoy, and show the down-trodden millions of Europe; but it is a well-known fact that mechanics and laborers are no better off in this country than they were twenty years ago. The ancient Romans only worked eight hours a day. In Australia, at the present day, mechanics only work eight hours per day. Our English cousins made a desperate struggle to introduce the nine hour system lately; and, although they were beaten, I have not the least doubt but they will ultimately get it. I believe some trades are only working nine hours a day there now. It was highly creditable to the New York stone masons to send them pecuniary assistance.

In England, fifty-seven and a half hours a week is the time made by all trades. In the States, sixty hours is the usual weekly time—some shops fifty-nine, but very few. Wages in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Buffalo, &c., for the last three years, have been most deplorably low. Men that used to get their two dollars a day, have been getting so little that I am almost ashamed to tell. Another thing that might be copied with advantage from Great Britain, would be to abolish store pay. There it is severely punished by law, and capitalists are compelled to pay their hands in cash. Paying workmen in "orders" is dead robbery. The working classes in this country have undoubtedly much to be thankful for; but they are by no means so much better off than the "down trodden" millions of Great Britain as some penny-a-liners would try to make out. I saw, in a late CLIPPER that Mr. Edwin Chadwick had proved that children that only studied two and three hours a day made more progress than those that studied seven or eight. Doctor Winship says that a man gains more strength by only exercising two hours a day than by exercising all day. So there cannot be the slightest doubt that working men would be healthier, live longer, and accomplish more, if the hours of labor were shortened. You will soon have young Ned* the VII among you. I hope he will be more popular than some of his countrymen who have visited you. I was highly amused with the effusions of the London racing prophets in last week's CLIPPER. You ought to have added the one of a well known "Special London Correspondent"—(Censor)—"Umpire will win!!" Respectfully yours, A BRITON.

* Albert Edward.

DEATH OF A PRIZE MARE.—The thorough bred mare Masseuda, owned by Mr. Henry G. Thomas, which recently took the first prize at the Augusta (Me.) Horse Show, also at the State Fair at Portland, broke one of her legs, on the 29th ult., and had to be killed.

CRICKET.

ST. GEORGE VS NEWARK.—The return game between these clubs, which was played at Newark on Sept. 24th, resulted in the defeat of the Newark eleven. The St. George eleven were assisted by the services of three first class professionals, Sadler, Brett, and H. Wright, while the Newarkers were short of five of their first eleven players. We are not, therefore, surprised at the result. The score is as follows:—

ST. GEORGE CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Waller b Hallas	4	b Walters	16
H Wright b Hallas	5	l b w b Hallas	1
Walker l b w b Warner	28	l b w b Jefferson	20
Sadler b Hallas	3	not out	35
Gibbes run out	12	b Walters	1
Brett run out	16	c Jones b Walters	2
Page b Hallas	1		
P Robinson b Hallas	1	c Jones, b Hallas	9
Barnett run out	5	not out	3
Titt b Hallas	1		
Boult not out	0	c Buckley b Walters	3
Byes 13, leg b 3, w 12, no ball 1	29	Byes 8, leg byes 4, wides 21	33
Total	105	Total	123

NEWARK CLUB—First Innings

Hallas b Gibbes	0	Buckley c Waller b Gibbes	12
Kidd c Robinson b H Wright	3	Smith b H Wright	5
Warner b H Wright	1	Vanderburg not out	0
Jefferson b H Wright	0	Bellamy c Brett b Gibbes	2
Walters b Gibbes	9	Byes 5, wides 3	8
Ford c Brett b H Wright	2		
Jones b H Wright	0	Total	42

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

NEWARK—First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Hallas	129	40	12	6	4
Walters	84	27	5	0	6
Kidd	20	7	0	0	1 n b
Warner	24	2	5	1	1 1
Second Innings.					
Hallas	112	46	8	2	8
Walters	88	27	8	4	4
Warner	28	9	4	0	3
Buckley	4	1	0	0	7
Jefferson	4	7	0	1	0
ST. GEORGE—First Innings.					
Gibbes	78	11	12	4	2
H Wright	76	23	10	6	1

Umpires—Vinton and Greathead.

PROFESSIONALS VS AMATEURS.—A match, as above designated, took place in the "ten cent enclosure" of the St. George Club, at Hoboken, on the 3d and 4th inst. A glance at the score will show who were the players. In the list of amateurs there are but about three who are more than second rate, and in the list of professionals we find the names of those altogether new to us in that capacity, so that the match was in no way what it was purported to have been. The match was considered a draw, the Professionals having 26 runs to make to win, with one wicket to fall. We append the score:—

AMATEURS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Waller c Creighton b H Wright	1	b Sadler	0
Lang b Brett	31	b Senior	9
Walker c Hampshire b Hallis	0	c Brett b Senior	3
Gibbes b Brett	11	c Wright b Hampshire	45
B Robinson st Sadler b H Wright	0	c Dakin b Brett	8
P Robinson c H Wright b Brett	0	not out	3
Burnett c Haggis b H Wright	1	b Senior	4
Congreve b Brett	3	b Sadler	1
Cuyp run out	1	b Hampshire	0
Bainbridge not out	13	c Whiting b Sadler	0
Bailey run out	17	b Senior	0
Byes 5, leg byes 2, wides 4	11	Byes 4, leg byes 4, wides 7	15
Total	59	Total	88

PROFESSIONALS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Senior b Gibbes	2	c Bainbridge b Gibbes	7
Hallis b Gibbes	20	not out	10
Sadler b Gibbes	6	c Bailey b Gibbes	2
Hampshire b Cuyp	19	b Gibbes	5
H Wright c Lang b Gibbes	4	c P Robinson b Cuyp	25
Brett b Cuyp	1	l b w b Cuyp	3
Haggis c Bailey b Gibbes	5	c Walker b Cuyp	0
S Wright b Gibbes	1	not out	18
Creighton not out	2	b Gibbes	0
Whiting b Gibbes	0	l b w b Cuyp	0
Dakin b Gibbes	0	b Cuyp	2
Leg bye 1, wides 3	4	Byes 5, leg byes 7, wides 4	16
Total	64	Total	88

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

AMATEUR—First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Hallis	40	12	6	1	0
Brett	56	16	5	3	4
H Wright	88	45	1	4	0
Sadler	5	4	0	0	0
Second Innings.					
Senior	84	14	13	3	5
Sadler	64	38	0	4	0
Brett	40	15	1	1	1
Hampshire	18	6	0	2	1
PROFESSIONALS—First Innings.					
Gibbes	90	35	5	8	2
Cuyp	88	25	8	2	1
Second Innings.					
Gibbes	132	34	16	4	3
Cuyp	128	38	9	5	1

Umpires—Messrs. Russell and Vanderlip.

CRICKET IN PHILADELPHIA.—A very interesting match of cricket was played at Philadelphia on the 29th ult., between the Excelsior and the Athletic Cricket Clubs. The playing on both sides was very good, the bowling of Cobb and Deemer, and that of C. Atlee was very fine; also De Coursey's in the second innings. The batting of Deemer, Kemerer, S. De Coursey, and C. Atlee, deserves great praise. The Excelsiors came off victorious, as may be seen in the annexed score:—

EXCELSIOR.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Watson b Deemer	6	b Cobb	4
Magee run out	3	absent	0
De Coursey b Deemer	3	b Deemer	24
J Stone c Warner b Cobb	4	run out	4
C Atlee l b w b Deemer	3	b Deemer	20
G Stone c Warner b Cobb	0	b Cobb	0
Dicht not out	6	l b w b Mitchill	2
Westerill b Deemer	0	run out	0
J Smith b Cobb	1	not out	2
Lewis b Deemer	0	absent	0
Benson b Deemer	0	absent	0
Byes	10	Byes 13, leg byes 3, wides 3	19
Total	36	Total	75

ATHLETIC.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Deemer b C Atlee	31	b De Coursey	4
Martin b J Stone	0	b De Coursey	5
Morgan b Atlee	4	absent	0
Cobb b Atlee	3	c and b De Coursey	3
Kemerer b Atlee	14	absent	0
Warner l b w b Atlee	5	run out	4
Shearer l b w b Atlee	0	b Atlee	2
Mitchell st Atlee b Stone	5	b Atlee	0
Holaham b Atlee	0	not out	0
Hunt b Atlee	0	b Atlee	2
Kirk not out	0	absent	0
Byes 11, wides 4	15	Byes	7
Total	77	Total	27

LEONA VS VERNON.—A cricket match was played on the 29th ult., between these two clubs, on the grounds of the United Cricket Club, in Camden, N. J., which resulted in favor of the former by 5 wickets and 3 runs. The following is the score:—

VERNON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Wilker b J Smith	0	not out	0
Devine run out	3	b Middelton	4
S Smith not out	19	run out	4
Bloomer b Middelton	0	b Maguire	0
Fagen b Middelton	4	b Smith	1
McBride b Maguire	4	Sayne st Maguire b Smith	1
Dougherty l b w b Maguire	0	b Maguire	27
Anderson c Roatch b Maguire	0	c Prettyman b Smith	1
Sweeney b Maguire	0	not out	1
Haines b Maguire	0	c Lerice b Maguire	3
Thompson b Middelton	1	b Maguire	5
Byes 5, wides 8	13	Byes 16, w 15, l b 1, n b 2	34
Total	44	Total	80

LEONA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Maguire run out	9	b Devine	11
Middelton not out	28		
J Smith b Dougherty	11	b Devine	25
Lerson c Walker b Dougherty	0	b Devine	4
Roatch b Smith	0	C String c Walker b Devine	7
Ayres c Walker b Smith	2	c Dougherty b Walker	5
Triegler l b w b Dougherty	1	not out	2
Pequignot run out	2	not out	6
Tramor c Sweeney b Smith	1		
A String b Dougherty	1		
E String c Walker b Smith	0		
Leg bye 1, wides 2, bye 1	4	Byes 2, wides 7	9
Total	59	Total	69

EAST NEW YORK VS NEW YORK, BARRING PROFESSIONALS.—A very interesting and agreeable contest took place between these clubs, at Hoboken, on Sept. 29, the occasion being the return game between them, the first of which was won by the New Yorkers. This time, however, the Islanders proved victorious. Both matches were decided by the result of the first innings, neither party being famous for beginning early in the day, and consequently they never have time to play a match out in one day. The New York club had but seven of their first eleven on hand, whereas the East New York team was one of the strongest they have ever presented, and consequently the match was a more even one than otherwise would have been the case. On the part of New York, some very fine batting was shown by Sharp, Wilby, Bray, and Moore; and good fielding by Scudder, Wilby and Sharp. Fredericks and Wilby bowled exceedingly well, although the former is not in practice. Of the East New York side, the bowling of Cuyp, Andrews, and Byron, was very effective, and the fielding in two or three instances very good, that of C. Stokes especially so. But the feature of their play was the fine display of batting shown by Beach and Morris against Wilby and Fredericks' swift bowling. North and Johns also batted well for their respective scores, and Byron made his 11 creditably. This is the first time the New York club have been defeated by any eleven from Long Island, the game they lost with the Kings County being sixteen of Kings County vs eleven of New York. The score is as follows:—

EAST NEW YORK.		NEW YORK.	
Beach c and b Wilby	20	Sharp b Andrews	20
Morris b Fredericks	18	Moore run out	11
North c Moore b Fredericks	15	Fredericks b Byron	0
Byron b Fredericks	11	Higham b Byron	6
Johns b Wilby	18	Wilby not out	19
Bedford b Fredericks	0	Bray c Morris b Cuyp	12
Stokes c Sharp b Fredericks	0	Spivey b Cuyp	6
Cuyp run out	7	Scudder b Andrews	1
Andrews b Fredericks	0	Gage run out	5
Reade not out	3	Smith b Cuyp	0
Byes 14, wides 11, leg byes 2	27	Baullere absent	0
		Wides 5, byes 9, leg byes 1	17
Total	130	Total	95

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

NEW YORK.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Fredericks	157	47	5	6	0
Wilby	162	42	8	3	3
Scudder	36	8	1	0	2
Baillere	18	3	1	0	6
EAST NEW YORK.					
Byron	102	44	2	2	5
Andrews	84	21	6	2	0
Cuyp	46	14	2	3	0
Johns	12	0	2	0	0

UNCAS VS WAVERLY.—A match was played between the second nines of these junior clubs, of New York, at Hamilton Square, on the 29th ult., resulting in the defeat of the former, according to the following score:—

UNCAS.			WAVERLY.		
NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS.
Johnson, 3d base	1	5	Fitch, 2d base	1	5
A Meakim, 1st base	2	3	Sherwood, pitcher	3	3
Walker, catcher	4	1	Webster, centre field	2	3
Parker, right field	0	4	Sands, short stop	1	5
W Meakim, 2d base	1	2	H Osgood, 1st base	2	3
Kirkland, centre field	4	1	Dugan, catcher	2	4
Marten, left field	2	1	G Osgood, 3d base	3	2
Cushman, short stop	2	2	Ross, right field	4	1
Beebe, pitcher	2	3	Hunt, left field	0	5
Total	22		Total	32	

Umpire—H. Steele, of the Uncas Club.
Scorers—For Uncas, W. H. Granbery; for Waverly, M. Lewis.

CRICKET AT WALTHAM, MASS.—A capital match was played there on the 26th ult., the first day of the fair, between an eleven of the Star Club and an eleven chosen from the town. Owing to the good fielding and bowling but small scores were made. We append a summary:—

WALTHAM ELEVEN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Moorehouse b Mahar	7	b Dwyer	1
McNamee c D Leary b Donovan	0	b Mahar	3
Lynch c P Leary b Donovan	0	b Donovan	2
G Tinker c Dwyer b Mahar	0	l b w b Mahar	5
L Tinker b Donovan	0	c and b Mahar	1
Garritz not out	0	c Morrissey b Mahar	13
Pownall run out	1	b Mahar	2
Gibbs b Donovan	0	not out	1
Perry b Donovan	6	b Mahar	0
Marsh b Donovan	0	b Mahar	3
Howe b Donovan	0	run out	2
Wides	5	Wides 3, bye 1, no ball 1	5
Total	19	Total	38

STAR CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Mahar b G Tinker	1	b G Tinker	2
Dwyer b G Tinker	9	b G Tinker	0
Morrissey run out	4	b G Tinker	4
Connelly b G Tinker	1	b L Tinker	3
P Leary run out	1	run out	1
D Leary c Pownall b L Tinker	5	b G Tinker	6
C Donovan b L Tinker	0	b G Tinker	3
M Donovan b G Tinker	1	run out	2
P Ryan b G Tinker	1	b G Tinker	0
M Ryan not out	1	b G Tinker	0
J Quigg c Perry b G Tinker	5	not out	1
Wides 6, byes 8	14	Byes 4, wide 1	5
Total	43	Total	27

UNION VS GLOBE VILLAGE CLUB.—A match between these clubs was played at Worcester, Mass., on the 29th ult., resulting as follows:—

GLOBE VILLAGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Moore b Stead	1	b T Brennan	5
Shaw b Brennan	0	b Brennan	4
Murphy c Monaghan b Brennan	5	c Monaghan b Brennan	1
Carroll b Stead	5	b Brennan	0
Green b Brennan	12	c Chandley b Stead	0
Swindles st Stead b Brennan	0	c Monaghan b Brennan	0
Hall b Stead	5	b Brennan	2
Longmore not out	9	b Brennan	2
McKie c McDonnell b Stead	0	b Brennan	0
Wright b Brennan	1	b T Brennan	0
Carroll b Stead	0	Long not out	4
Bye	1	Wide	1
Total	39	Total	19

UNION—First Innings.

G Brennan b Long	11	J Chandley l b w b Long	1
Scanlan st Long b Carroll	2	Monaghan run out	0
T Brennan c Carroll b Long	7	McDonnell not out	0
H Brennan b Long	0	Flynn run out	0
Huckley run out	3	Leg byes	3
Stead c Swindles b Long	1		
G Chandley b Long	2	Total	30

The Unions in the Second innings scored, J Brennan (b Hall) 1, McDonnell (not out) 10, Scanlan (not out) 13, wides 5. Total 29, thus winning the match by 9 wickets.

BALL PLAY.

EMPIRE VS. ECKFORD.—The return game between these clubs was played at Greenpoint, on Thursday, 4th inst., the result being an easy victory for the Eckfords, whose score stood, at the close of the eighth innings, 26 to the Empires' 10. The Empires were minus the services of Ward and Culyer, and both were missed very much at their regular positions. The Eckfords were short of Mills, but his place was well filled by Wood, a new member, and a good player. The weather was very disagreeable, as it rained twice before the match was concluded. On the part of the Empires, Miller fielded capitally at second base, especially in throwing balls to first. Thorne, too, pitched first-rate, and fielded several balls in good style. Russell played well behind, and Benson made a fine catch on the fly at left field. Gaunt made a good catch on the bound in the third innings, but otherwise fielded loosely. Leavy and Moore both played poorly in the field and on the first and third bases. Dewey stopped several balls well, but threw wildly to first base; in fact, though there were several instances of good play, the loose fielding and poor throws nullified the effects of it entirely. On the part of the Eckfords, Grum's pitching, Beach's fine catching, Josh. Snyder's first rate play at short field, and Manolt's at left field, are all worthy of special notice, and the other positions were well filled. Brown made an excellent catch on the bound, and Snyder a fine one on the fly. In batting, Thorne, Russell, and Benson took the lead for the Empires, and Grum, Wood, and Josh. Snyder for the Eckfords, the former making a clean home run in the first innings. When the Eckfords commenced their fifth innings, the score stood eight to their nine, and at the close of the fifth, it was eight to eleven, after which the Eckfords ran it up to twenty-one, at which point it stood at the close of the sixth innings. The score is as follows:—

BATTING.

ECKFORD.			EMPIRE.		
NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS.
Manolt, left field	3	2	Thorne, pitcher	2	2
Grum, pitcher	2	4	Miller, 1st base	2	1
Beach, catcher	2	3	Russell, catcher	2	2
Wood, 2d base	1	4	Benson, 3d base	2	2
Campbell, 1st base	4	2	Dewey, short stop	3	1
G Grum, 3d base	3	3	Moore, centre field	4	0
Snyder, centre field	4	2	Loper, Right field	4	0
Josh Snyder, short stop	1	5	Leavy, left field	2	1
Brown, right field	4	1	Gaunt, 2d base	3	1
Total	26		Total	10	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eckford	5	2	0	2	2	10	1	4		—26
Empire	1	0	1	1	5	0	2	0		—10

ECKFORD.						FIELDING.	EMPIRE.					
	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.					Fly.	B'nd.	Base.		
Manolt	0	3	0				Thorne	1	2	0		
Grum	0	0	0				Miller	1	0	1		
Beach	2	2	0				Russell	2	1	0		
Wood	0	0	1				Benson	2	1	0		
Campbell	1	1	5				Dewey	0	2	0		
G Grum	0	1	1				Moore	0	0	8		
Snyder	1	0	0				Loper	0	0	0		
Josh Snyder	0	3	0				Leavy	0	1	0		
Brown	0	1	0				Gaunt	0	1	0		
Total	4	11	7				Total	6	8	9		

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base.	Foul.		Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base.	Foul.
Manolt	1	0	1	0	0		Thorne	0	1	0	0	1	0
Grum	0	1	1	0	0	0	Miller	0	0	1	0	0	1
Beach	0	0	2	0	0	0	Russell	0	1	1	0	0	0
Wood	0	0	0	0	0	1	Benson	1	1	0	0	0	0
Campbell	0	3	0	0	0	1	Dewey	0	1	2	0	0	0
G Grum	0	0	2	0	0	0	Moore	2	0	0	1	0	1
Snyder	1	1	1	0	0	1	Loper	0	0	0	0	0	3
Josh Snyder	0	1	0	0	0	0	Leavy	0	0	0	0	0	1
Brown	2	0	2	0	0	0	Gaunt	0	1	1	0	0	1
Total	4	7	8	1	0	3	Total	3	5	5	1	1	7

Passed balls on which bases were run—Russell 5, Beach 3, Manolt 2.
Home runs—J Grum 1.
Struck out—Loper 1, Leavy 1.
Catches missed on the fly—Campbell 2, Grum 2, Brown 1, Gaunt 1, Moore 1.
Catches missed on the bound—Benson 1, Thorne 1, Leavy 3.
Run out between bases—G. Grum by Thorne.
Times left on third base—Manolt 1, Beach 1, Wood 1, Brown 1, Miller 1, Leavy 1.
Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.
Umpire—C. Sniffen, of the Atlantic Club.
Scorers—For Eckford, D. H. Guyon; for Empire, R. H. Ellis.

EXCELSIOR VS EMPIRE.—The return game between these clubs, which took place at South Brooklyn on Saturday, Sept 29th, resulted in a similar score to the first match, the Excelsior's score being 23 to the Empire's 7. Some very good batting was shown by Creighton, Young and Pearsall, in this match, and in the 8th innings all batted well. The Empires, too, made some good hits, especially Calyer, Dewey, and Leavy, but the fielding was too good to admit of their making all the runs the batting merited. On the part of the Empires, Benson's catching, Dewey's short stopping, and Millen's good fielding, are especially worthy of notice, and Calyer and Thorne did well in their respective positions; and on the part of the Excelsiors, Brainard's excellent play at the 2d base, J. Whiting's at short field, and Creighton's and Leggett's, as catcher and pitcher, are all worthy of remark; indeed, all more or less fielded well after the first innings, when there was some very loose play by Pearsall and F. Whiting; the latter, however, redeemed himself by two splendid catches on the fly, and the former by putting out Millen on the base. This time we caught "Old Joe" at his tricks, and must confess his tactics deserve credit, for Millen was watching Creighton, and did not see him look at the base before he threw, and was therefore caught off his guard. The game was a very agreeable one, and was played throughout with thorough good humor on all sides. As usual, the Empires were agreeably entertained at the close of the game, and very excellent speeches were made by Messrs. Green, of the Excelsiors, and Bloomfield, of the Empires. Among the guests present was Mr. Wm. Selden, of the Potomac Club, of Washington, who was taken in charge by the Excelsiors, and, as a matter of course, he was taken care of. The score is as follows:—

BATTING.

EXCELSIOR.			EMPIRE.		
Pearsall, 1st base	3	4	Thorne, pitcher	4	1
Young, centre field	2	4	Miller, 2d base	2	1
F Whiting, 3d base	3	0	Ward, 1st base	3	1
Leggett, catcher	3	2	Calyer, left field	2	2
C Whiting, right field	3	2	Russel, 3d base	4	0
Brainard, 2d base	5	1	Moore, centre field	4	0
Gulick, left field	4	3	Benson, catcher	3	0
J. Whiting, short stop	2	4	Dewey, short stop	2	2
Creighton, pitcher	2	3	Leavy, right field	3	0
Total	23		Total	7	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Excelsior	0	3	1	2	2	0	3	4	8	—23
Empire	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	—7

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.					Fly.	B'nd.	Base.		
Pearsall	0	1	8				Thorne	0	0	1		
Young	0	2	0				Miller	0	0	4		
F Whiting	2	1	0				Ward	0	0	11		
Leggett	0	2	0				Calyer	0	1	0		
C Whiting	0	0	0				Russell	0	1	0		
Brainard	0	1	2				Moore	0	0	0		
Gulick	1	0	0				Benson	4	4	0		
J Whiting	1	0	0				Dewey	0	0	1		
Creighton	1	4	1				Leavy	1	0	0		
Total	6	11	11				Total	5	5	17		

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base.	Foul.		Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base.	Foul.
Pearsall	1	0	2	0	0	0	Thorne	0	0	3	1	0	0
Young	0	0	1	1	0	0	Miller	1	0	0	1	0	0
F Whiting	0	1	2	0	0	0	Ward	1	0	0	0	0	1
Leggett	0	1	0	0	0	2	Calyer	0	0	2	0	0	0
C Whiting	0	0	2	0	0	1	Russell	1	1	1	0	0	1
Brainard	0	1	0	2	0	2	Moore	1	1	2	0	0	0
Gulick	0	0	1	2	0	1	Benson	0	3	0	0	0	0
J Whiting	0	0	1	0	0	1	Dewey	0	1	0	0	0	1
Creighton	0	0	2	0	0	0	Leavy	0	2	0	1	0	0
Total	1	3	11	5	0	7	Total	4	9	8	3	0	2

Passed Balls, on which bases were run—Leggett 4, Benson 3.
Home Runs—Creighton 1
Catches missed on the Fly—Dewey 1, Moore 1, Benson 1, Leggett 1, F Whiting 1.
Catches missed on the Bound—Thorne 1, Calyer 1, Benson 2, Pearsall 1, F Whiting

CAZENOVIA VS SEMINARY.—A very well played game was had at Cazenovia, N. Y., on Sept. 29th, between the 2d nine of the former club, and the 1st nine of the latter. There was some pretty tall batting shown on both sides, Clements and Reed doing the damage for the Seminary party, and Cruttenden, Connor, and Litchfield for the Cazenovias. The score is as follows:—

CAZENOVIA.

NAMES.	H L.	RUNS.
Litchfield, short stop	5	5
Madge, 2d base	0	1
Crandal, pitcher	5	0
Connor, right field	2	5
Parmelee, 1st base	2	2
Phillips, centre field	5	3
Cruttenden, catcher	3	8
Hatch, left field	3	1
Jackson, 3d base	2	4
Total		29

SEMINARY.

NAMES.	H L.	RUNS.
Capt Fox, centre field	4	1
Bixby, catcher	4	1
Ostrander, pitcher	1	1
Salisbury, 1st base	2	0
Clements, 2d base	3	11
Curtis, 3d base	2	0
Miller, right field	4	4
Reed, left field	3	7
Stocking, short stop	4	3
Total		28

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cazenovia	2	6	2	4	5	2	3	2	3	3–29
Seminary	3	3	5	4	3	4	2	2		2–28

Umpire—Mr John Fairchild.

Scorers—For the Cazenovia, Mr J Y Miller; for the Seminary, Mr Morten Tillsen.

The score sent to us was not made out suitably for publication, and the analysis of the fielding we could not make out correctly. Always write out scores as published.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA 245.

BY P. RICHARDSON.

at his 3, K 7, K Kt sq, K R sq, K R 4, Q B 7, Q 2, Q B 4, and a White P at Q 3d.

at Q B 4, Q 3, K R 6, Q Kt 6, Q Kt 5th.

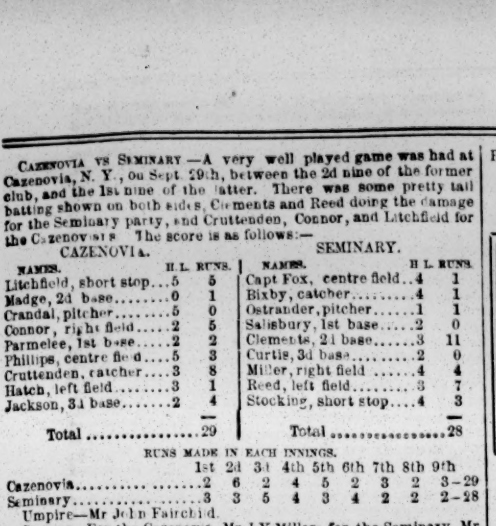
White to play and compel Black to give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 245.—TOURNAMENT No. 60.

"Taken at the Flood."

BY JAMES PATTERSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME No. 245.

Hard-fought and interesting battle between our contributor P. Richardson (giving Q R) and Mr. Delsart.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Richardson.	Defence, Mr. Delsart.	Attack, Mr. Richardson.	Defence, Mr. Delsart.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	23..Kt to Q 6 4	Q to her B 4
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	24..Q-her R 5	Q Kt-Q 2
3..K B-B 4	Q-K R 5 +	25..Q B-K 3	Q-her B sq
4..K-his B sq	P-K Kt 4	26..Kt × Q P	Q-home (*c*)
5..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 2	27..Q-her Kt 4	Q R-Kt sq
6..P-Q 4	P-Q 3	28..B-K Kt sq	K-his Kt sq
7..P-K Kt 3	B 2d P × P	29..B-K R 2	P-K B 3
8..K-Kt 2 (*a*)	Q-K R 3	30..Kt-K B 5	K Kt × Kt
9..R P × P	Q-K B 3	31..K P × Kt	B-K R 2
10..K Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5	32..P-Q 6 + (*d*)	K-his B sq
11..K R-K B sq	P-K R 3	33..Kt-Q 4	Q B-Kt sq
12..Q Kt-Q 5	Q-home (*b*)	34..Kt-K 6 +	Q B × Kt
13..Q-her 3	P-Q B 3	35..B P × B	Q-her B sq
14..Q Kt-K 3	Q B-R 4	36..R-K sq	Q-her R 4
15..P-K Kt 4	B-K Kt 3	37..Q × Q (*e*)	Q Kt × Q
16..P-Q 5	P-Q B 4	38..P-Q 7	Kt × K P
17..K B-Kt 5 +	K-his B sq	39..K B × Kt	K-his 2
18..Q-her B 4	K Kt-K 2	40..K B-his 5 +	K-his B 2
19..P-Q Kt 4	B P × P	41..Q B-Q 6	Q R-Q sq
20..Q × Kt 2d P	P-Q R 3	42..R-K 7 +	K-Kt sq
21..K B-B 4	P-Q Kt 4	43..Q B-his 7	Q R × P
22..K B-Kt 3	Q-her Kt 3	44..K B × R, gave mate in 4.	

(*a*) This, one of the most dashing and attractive variations of which the Attack of this gambit is susceptible, we owe to the great McDonnell. We are much obliged to our contributor for practising and presenting it

(*b*) All this retreating is paying a heavy per cent. for displacing the adverse K, at the 3d move.

(*c*) Again his Queen appears to consider herself a belle at a cotillion party—judging from the style in which she "trots around."

(*d*) His infantry centre now wield sharp bayonets and carry dismay and destruction into the very hearts of the hostile encampment.

(*e*) The battle is now virtually over—the Defence must lose.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price $2.00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address Frank Queen, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES LYMAN, Philadelphia.—We are as much at a loss as you are regarding the end-game in question. By the way, if you ever send another diagram laying claim to the ghostly characteristics of the one in your note, we will *try* to "get square" with you. Please forward another statement, as we are of opinion that there is an error. Black M on 8, 16, 14, 22, B. K. on 10, W. M. 13, 21, W. K. 15—is this correct.

WOLVERINE, Wayne, Mich.—Our game this week is selected from the "American Draught Player," for the purpose of exhibiting an analysis of the "opening" forwarded by you some weeks ago.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Many thanks. We accede with pleasure; and will bear in mind your promise.

W. A. B, New York.—We publish a position from you this week. Shall be happy to hear from you.

WM L. CROOKSTON, Keokuk, Iowa.—As above. *"Same to you, and many of 'em."*

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, Painsville, Vt.—See last week's CLIPPER.

MARY E. M., Winooski Falls, Vt.—Entered.

GAME No. 24.—VOL. VIII.

From the American Draught Player.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 17	11..16	to 19	23	to 16
2.. 8	11	17	13	12..18	23	26	19
3.. 4	8	21	17	13.. 8	12	27	23
4.. 9	14	25	21	14.. 3	8	23	18
5..15	18 (*a*)	29	25	15..14	23	17	14
6..11	15 (1)	26	22	16.. 9	18	21	17
7.. 7	11	30	26	17..23	26	17	14
8.. 2	7	24	20	18..10	17	19	3
9.. 5	9	28	24	19..12	19	22	15
10..12	16	32	28	20..11	18	31	15

White wins.

(1)

6..11	16	24	20	14..14	18	27	20
7.. 8	11	28	24	15.. 6	9	13	6
8..10	15	17	10	16.. 1	19	11	8
9.. 7	14	24	19	17.. 5	9	8	4
10..15	24	26	22	18.. 9	14	4	8
11..11	16	20	11	19.. 2	7	8	4
12..24	28	23	19	20..19	23	31	27
13..15	24	22	15		White wins.		

(*a*) 15 18 loses; 15 19 draws.

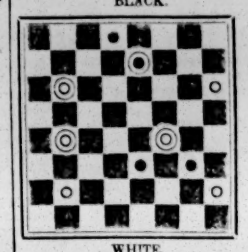
This game answers Wolverine's question.

POSITION No. 49.—VOL. VIII.

BY W. A. B.

Dedicated to M. McN.

BLACK.



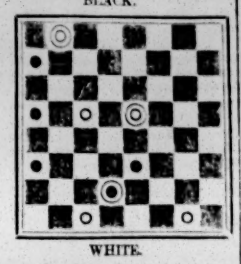
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

POSITION No. 50.—VOL. VIII.

BY WM. L. CROOKSTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and win.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 47.—VOL. VIII.

By HOCUS, of Albany.

White		Black.	White.	Black.
1..11	to 7	Jumps.	3.. 7 to 14, and wins.	
2..18	15	Jumps.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 48.—VOL. VIII.

BY A LOVER OF DRAUGHTS.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..25	to 22	18	to 15	3..13	to 17	14	to 18
2..17	13	10	14 (1 2 3	4..17		22, and wins.	
			(1)				
2..		25	22				
3..21		17, and wins.					
			(2)				
2..		26	29				
3..21		17, and wins.					
			(3)				
2..		25	30				
3..21		17, and wins.					

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEFIANCE.

Black.		White.	
14.. 5	9	18	22
15.. 8	12		

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND NON NEMO.

Black.—Mary.		White.—Non Nemo.	
2..15	22	25	18
3.. 8	11		

FOREIGN SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHT BETWEEN HANSOM AND MACK FOR £5 A SIDE.

On Monday morning these lads met at Barron's Bridge, near Birmingham, for £5 a side, when the boys of the hard-ware village, "Vot loves a mill" had the satisfaction of witnessing a game and slogging battle. Young Hansom was the first to enter the ring, being "squired" by Ciggy Wilson, and a friend; and Mack, who soon followed, was waited upon by young Fox and J. Hansom. Some little time was cut to waste in the selection of a referee, and at length that point having been settled, the men stripped, and were left by the seconds to commence.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Young Mack threw himself into a very good attitude with his right well up, and his left playing for an opening. Hansom, who was a stone the heavier man, and "looked winning," at a certainty, dashed in left and right, and caught Mack on the top of his head, who returned with his left, quick as "greased lightning" on the nose and right eye. This brought the men to a close, and after some unmistakable good milling Mack got down.

2 Both men came up ready at the call of time, and after very little sparring both men countered with the left, and followed up with the right, got to close quarters, when hit for hit right and left took place, neither flinching from his work; at length Mack, evidently overpowered, was forced down.

3. Hansom came up first, and forced the fight with both hands, Mack received him in a similar manner, both receiving on the eyes and forehead. Mack with the utmost precision left unmistakable marks of his "handiwork" under and over both of Hansom's eyes, Mack had also a large bump over and underneath his right eye.

The fight progressed in this manner until 40 rounds had been fought in 60 minutes, in the most desperate "give and take" style. Hansom, who was the biggest and strongest man, would, no doubt, have won, had not the police, at this point of the battle, made their appearance, and of course stopped the fight. The friends of both were perfectly satisfied, and caused the men to shake hands, and draw stakes. It must be borne in mind that neither of these men have fought before in the ring, but that the match was brought about through a private quarrel which having been settled in the above mentioned manner, the combatants are now again stanch friends. We heartily rejoice that men continue to settle their little differences in this good "old English" style, viz., "the fist vs. the knife."

MACQUE AND NOCTON FOR £10.—These men met on Monday to contend at catch weight for the above sum at a place about three miles from Birmingham. Nocton was waited upon by Jem Kelley and a friend, and Young Fox and a friend did the necessary for MacQue. After all preliminaries had been gone through, the men held up their hands for—

Round 1 MacQue, who was lighter than his opponent by at least a stone, threw himself into a beautiful attitude, his right hand well up for the guard, and his left ready for the counter. Nocton's attitude was altogether as unartistic, but what he lacked in science was made up by resolution and gameness. After a little sparring MacQue got home with his left on the right eye of Nocton, who fought to a close. MacQue, after administering severe punishment to the dial of his opponent, got down amidst the cheers of his numerous friends.

2 Nocton forced the fighting, but received a terrible left-hander on the nose, which brought the claret in abundance. MacQue, after getting on again five or six times in succession got down without a mark.

3. MacQue was first up, but was soon followed by Nocton, who got punched on the nose and mouth in a most unmerciful manner; MacQue with his left-handed shots keeping the blood streaming from the afore-mentioned places. After a slight tap on the ribs MacQue got down.

4. Nocton, first up, forced the fighting, but could not effect a landing, his opponent being too quick. MacQue dashed in his left, again turning on the tap, and this brought the men to a close, when, after some spirited in-fighting, all in favor of MacQue, Nocton was forced down.

5 MacQue appeared at the scratch without a mark, while Nocton was dreadfully disfigured about the dial, still he would not be denied, and kept going in only to be met with severe props from MacQue's left; as also a severe half arm hit from his right, which completely staggered him. He persevered, and landed a little one on MacQue's ribs, who retaliated with a hot one on the nose, that sent him to grass as if shot.

6. MacQue came up smiling, and Nocton also tried again, but it was a failure. MacQue got on with his left with the greatest care five or six times, completely putting up his opponent's right shutter. This brought the men to a close, and MacQue got down.

7. to 38. Much of a muchness, MacQue doing just as he liked, but occasionally receiving a rib-bender from Nocton which made him wince again.

39 Both came up slowly on time being called. Nocton who was dreadfully punished about the head, holding up his hands to renew the fight amidst cries of 'take him away." The game fellow, however, would not hear of it, but rallied in with all his remaining strength, landing one on the ribs with his left, received a sharp nose-ender in return, got on again with the right, and MacQue got down.

Round the last. When time was called, to the surprise of every one present, Nocton was first up, with his head as big as two, and his nose smashed all over his face. MacQue, who did not show a mark, hung his head on his second's knee, declaring that he was sick, and could not and would not fight any more. His seconds pressed him to go in for one more round, but he declined, and the sponge was thrown up in token of defeat.

We have not seen a much better boxer or greater coward in the ring for years. We could recommend Nocton to stick to his business, as all we can add in his favor is that a gamer bit of stuff never peeled.—*Sporting Telegraph Sept. 19th.*

BOB CROSS OF WESTMINISTER AND AN AMERICAN.—On Saturday last an offhanded mill took place between Bob Cross of Westminster and an unknown American, who weighed 14st (Bob's weight being only 10st, 6lb.) for £10. Cross won after a very hard fight for 53 minutes, during which 21 rounds were contested. The money is to be given up at their joint benefit on Monday, the 17th inst., when Cross will be prepared to fight any 10st 6lb man in the world, 45 years of age, for £15 a side.

FLEET AND MALPAS.—A match has been made between Ben Malpas, who fought Brettle, and J. Fleet, at Dudley, to fight on the 30th of October, Fleet staking £25 to £20. The fight to come off within fifty miles of Dudley.

HALL AND ALLEN FOR £20.—These men met near Birmingham very early on Monday morning last to settle their little differences, and to decide who was most deserving of the £20 in the hands of the stakeholder. Both appeared in first rate condition, and full of confidence; the confidence but not the condition being shared in by their respective friends, who invested freely on their pets. All things being in readiness the men shook hands and commenced the fight, which had lasted nearly three quarters of an hour—during which time Hall managed to close one of Allen's eyes and otherwise damaged his frontispiece, Allen returning rather warmly on the body—when the police made their appearance and put a stop to further proceedings. A more hasty than dignified retreat was made to the hardware village, which was reached in safety; and a council having assembled, it was decided to make another attempt to bring the affair off the same day. This however, was not doomed to be. As Allen was proceeding to the scene of action, a "boy in blue" stopped the car in which he was riding, and carried him off in a contrary direction. Hall's party persist that it was the fault of Allen himself, but that of course we cannot say anything about. The matter still remains in abeyance.

AQUATICS.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.

GREAT RACE BETWEEN CHAMBERS AND WHITE.

For £400.

YESTERDAY.

From the London Sporting Telegraph, September 19.

Another of those great events has been lost and won, and goes to add its mite to swell the innumerable store of the past. For the last month little has been heard of on the river but the championship, and any young debutant who has won his maiden effort on the treacherous element within the last few weeks must have been sadly disappointed to have found his friends but indifferent spectators of his success, having "filled the flowing bowl" of their intellect "until it does run over" with meditations and ideas more or less sensible about the all-absorbing event.

Whatever may be the opinion of those ignorant and defectively memoried people the "oldest inhabitants" as to the relative merits and style of rowing of present and past champions of rowing, we think there is little doubt that we must look a long way back to find finer material to work up than lies in the thews and sinews of Chambers or White. Think of poor Bob Coombes, one of the finest, and perhaps the finest waterman the world ever knew; certainly as noble, honest, and straight-forward a man as one could find in a day's journey: he wasn't a big or particularly fine man; Cole, his successor or Champion of the Thames, Messenger, and Kelly, were good strong men, but we think the men themselves would admit they hadn't the lasting powers of the present competitors. Chambers, brought up as an iron puddler, always engaged in really laborious bodily exercise, is a mass of muscle and toughness which few men out of the prize ring could equal; his stamina is good, his constitution is good—not liable to fits of illness and weakness as some watermen are subject to, he has every requisite for a fine sculler—a long back, long reach in the arms, and good wind. White is in every way as well adapted for his occupation, and indeed in age he has perhaps a trifle the advantage over the North country man. Tall, muscular, long in the back, and a good reach, he seems as if "made to order" for some Clasper, Drewitt, or Salter, who wanted a man to show off the travelling powers of their boats to advantage. Our first impression on seeing Tom White would be "what a strong man!" and his intimates know that his powers do not belie his appearance. We know (not from having read the original poems, but from this particular line having been eternally quoted for all purposes) that "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," and if ever there was an occasion when the "tug of war" should come, yesterday's race was the time. Two fine men, equally matched, no Sayers and Heenan business about it this time, no contest between an old tried hand, with more age than he cared for, to counter-balance the advantages of experience, but a trial between two level men, which is far the most exciting to witness after all. If old Harry Clasper were to be matched with Eagers, Hemmings, his own son, or any other aspiring young scull, it would be curious to see how far experience balanced the vigor of youth; but beyond that there is really little interest, and small glory to be won, whichever way such an affair terminates. Should the old 'un win, lookers on would say it was only a novice; while on the other hand, if victory favors youth, we say "he only licked a stale man."

Ever since this time last year, when Kelly was forced to succumb to Chambers, the present match has been looked forward to with the greatest interest, and no pains have been spared on the part of patrons of, rowing, both here and in the north, to leave nothing undone which might help their respective men to victory. The result was that each man was as fit as he could possibly be, and neither could ascribe defeat to lack of condition. In a match of this kind the previous performances of each man are of sufficient importance to demand detailed mention; we shall, therefore, lay before our readers, in as concise a form as is consistent with completeness, some account of the

DOINGS OF THE MEN.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, of Walker, near Newcastle upon Tyne, is twenty nine years of age, and weighs 11st. 2lb. His aquatic *début* was naturally made on his native Tyne, as an oarsman, eight years ago; but he did not come out as a sculler until the following year, 1854, when he made a match with Shaftoe, then considered a very good man; and as Chambers, though a first rate oarsman, looks doubtless with greater pride to his sculling achievements, we shall detail them first. Chambers won his match with Shaftoe, but the latter being gluttonous had not had enough, and accordingly another match was made, which resulted in Chambers winning as he liked. After this he did not handle the sculls in any public affair until 1856, when, under the *espionage* of old Harry Clasper, he pulled his first stroke on the London waters, and won the scullers race of the Thames National Regatta, in old fashioned boats. His next performance was on the Tyne, the same year, when he came in second to old Harry for the championship of the Tyne. In 1857 he got a match on with Galley of Newcastle, whom he defeated. This year he again appeared as a sculler at the Thames National and won, owing to A Ralph, who was leading at the finish, fouling within a very short distance of the winning post. This mishap was the origin of a private match between the men, and on the day Chambers had so much improved, that he did as he liked with the Wandsworth man, and could have left him any distance in the rear. He next appears at Durham Regatta, and Manchester and Salford Regatta, where nobody was found to give him their wash to any purpose. In 1858 he again won the sculling races at the Thames National, Durham and Manchester, and Salford Regattas, and rowed second to Clasper at Talkin Tarn Regatta. Henceforward we find aspiring scullers fighting uncommonly shy of Master Robert, and no more neat little "pony" races fall to his share. At last there was found a man whom his backer considered "a foeman worthy of his steel," tin, or gold, or by whatsoever name or names the circulating medium may or shall be called by sportive or sporting individuals. This was his present opponent, Tom White, of Bermondsey, who had shown himself a good man in several races. The affair came off at Newcastle, on the 19th of April last year, and was certainly one of the most inexplicable affairs ever seen, so much so that we think a slight summary may be interesting. They rowed from High Level to the Suspension Bridge. Chambers won the station. They started very level, but at Skinner Burn, White had forged a slight lead, here they fouled, and Chambers ran against a keel boat. This might have given the race to the Cockney, who was about a score of lengths ahead, but White, instead of going away, seemed to wait for Chambers, who soon came up and caught him opposite the Meadows, passed him after another foul, and finally won easily. In this race White seemed all abroad; he neither took advantage of Chambers' mishap, nor did he stick to him when the Northerner had got the lead. It was said that White was unwell, and probably with some truth. Chambers next wins the sculling prize at Durham and Manchester, and finally capped his long roll of victories by his race with Harry Kelly, on the 29th September, 1859. The particulars of this event must be too fresh in the minds of our readers to need any long description: suffice it to say that after Rose Cottage, and perhaps earlier, the London man never had a chance, and Chambers became Champion of the Thames, a title which may be justly interpreted as Champion of the World. Since this great event he has not appeared in aquatic contests as a sculler, except at a few regattas this year, when he carried off trifling purses of about a "tenner" a piece and under, proceedings which we think adds more to his pecuniary than his moral credit; for it appears to us rather grasping in the Champion of the Thames to be grudging inferior men the chance of winning a few pounds when he is at the time matched for forty times the amount. At the Thames Regatta this year he was very properly desired not to row, and it would be as well if the gentle hint given him in London were to be applied to other meetings. In fact, the champions and ex-champions of the Thames ought to be barred. Among the numbers who have been compelled to scull astern to Chambers, because they couldn't get before him, we may mention the following, many of whom are, and have been, first-rate men: Finnis, J. Mackinney, A. Ralph, J. Casper, J. H. Casper, G. Drewitt, J. Taylor and W. Taylor, E. Moorhouse, F. G. Barrett the Manchester crack, Piner, Robins, Galley, Shaftoe, Lett, and Woodland, and last, and greatest, Harry Kelley, ex champion, and Tom White, his present adversary. As we have said, Chambers' maiden effort was with the oar. This was in 1852, when he and Simms beat Hogg and Scott in a pair race. His next public affair was not till 1856, when, with Old Harry, Tom Mackinney, and Bill Pocock, he won the Champion Four's at the Thames National Regatta. The same year, with the Caspers, he won the Patron's Plate, at Durham. In 1857, with W. Bentley, he won the pair-oared prize at Howden Regatta, a very popular fixture among the Northerners. This year he again won the Thames National Four's—this time with the two Caspers, father and son, and A Maddison—as well as the four's at Durham. The same crew lost the four-oared Pomona prize at Manchester and Salford; but our hero, with Maddison, won the pair-oared race here, beating Mat Taylor and Old Williams, and Winship and Bruce, both very fine pairs. Bruce is now dead, and Winship is one of the present Clasper's four. In 1858 Chambers joined Bell, Driver, and Bobby Bain, for a four at the Thames National, but was beaten. At Manchester, with Ault, Winship, and Clasper, he won the fours. In 1859 he won the race again, this time with the Caspers and Winship. This was the first year they rowed together as they now do, and their success all over the country serves as another reminder that unity is strength, an undeniable sentiment on which we might dilate for a few miles of requisite matter, until our readers ceased to deserve their name. Chambers, with Winship, was next beaten in a pair by the Caspers, and the four beat everything at the Thames National. This year (1860) they lost the fours at Putney, owing to a foul at the start, which gave Kelley's lot a tremendous lead within a very short distance of the bridge. Chambers and Winship, however, won the pairs, beating Hammerton and Francis—generally considered the crack Thames pair—and the Taylors. At Derby, Chambers "and party" won the fours, after a hard race with the Richmond lot (Mackinneys and Bells), and the Taylors, with Tom White. Victory followed them to Manchester, where they beat the Barratts. This, we think, closes the long role of Robert Chambers' aquatic prowess.

THOMAS WHITE, of Bermondsey, is now 25 years old, 6 feet 1½in high, and his rowing weight is about 11st. 4lb. He has not been nearly so long before the public as the Tyne man, his first appearance being in 1856, when he won his freedom, and subsequently at the Thames National the same year, pulled second to George Hammerton in the Apprentices' Race. In 1857 he got a match on for a small sum with Bill Deale, also of Bermondsey. This was no gift for White, but after a very hard struggle he came in first. He next won Doggett's Coat and Badge, the possession of which gorgeous trophy is deemed the acme of aquatic bliss by jolly young watermen. He also won the prize boat at Bermondsey, a profitable performance, which, if we remember rightly, has been repeated this year by his younger brother. In 1858 he rowed George Drewitt, the famous landsman of Chelsea, and won the race with ease. His next affair was with Finnis like himself, a below-bridge man, who proved a tougher customer, and stuck like wax, White ultimately winning by only a length. He also showed at the Thames Regatta this year, when he was beaten by Hammerton and Francis. In November, however, fortune again put on a grin, when old Harry Clasper was licked easily. His last appearance was against his present opponent, Chambers, when, as we have mentioned above, he appeared all abroad, and made a regular mull of the race. As an oarsman, he has not done very much, but what he has done has been very good indeed. His *debut* with an oar was in September, 1857, in a pair-oared race, when, with his brother Henry, who is now champion of Australia, he beat the Pococks. In 1858, with Hammerton, Francis, and Stephen Salter, he won the four oared race at the Thames National. Since then he has done nothing until this season, when, with Kelly, Wise, and Pocock, he again won the Champion fours, though a foul between the Caspers and Taylors put the chance of the former quite out of the question. He has since rowed with the Taylors at Derby, where the Caspers beat them in the trial heat. This, we believe, brings his aquatic performance to a close.

The weather throughout the whole of Monday promised but ill for the morrow, and the possessors of the famous "Murphy's weather eye" must have winked it ominously and despondingly on catching a glimpse of the cloudy, misty atmosphere, which was barely perceptible through a torrent of rain. White took his boat to the Feathers to receive the last finishing polish at the hands of the expert Harry Salter, and returned to "woo the downy" at Willcox's, Barnes, where he has been during the whole of his training. He appeared in good health and spirits, and his condition was much admired by all who saw him. The north countryman, who has been doing less work than usual during his training, remained quietly at Putney. He has appeared throughout to entertain no doubt about the result, and we might almost say underrated his man, for there can be no doubt that White's performance in the north was not up to his usual form. Yesterday it rained throughout the whole of the morning, and it was a toss up whether the race would not be rowed in a pouring rain. This accounts for the small number of spectators, for though at some points the banks seemed as crowded as ever, we are convinced the attendance of the *ci pellol* was not up to the average. Of course, among regular aquatic men, wind and weather made but little impression, and the private steamers of the London Rowing Club, and Thames Subscription Club were each laden with a considerable freight of humanity among whom were most of the rowing celebrities of the past and present time. Blake's boat, which was extensively patronized by the West London Club, brought a good many, and some others had a good cargo, but many seemed to be but poorly "found" in passengers. Mr. Ireland undertook the onerous duties of referee, Clasper being umpire for Chambers, and Taylor for White, who was shown up by S. Salter; Tom Grant performing the same office for the North Countryman. White pulled up from the Feathers, accompanied by his eight, and was loudly cheered. On arriving at Putney he had not long to wait, for soon the North Countryman was seen stepping into his boat. White won the toss for stations and took the Middlesex, and precisely at twelve minutes and a half past four, the signal was given to start.

THE RACE.

BETTING—3 to 1 ON CHAMBERS.—At the first dip White seemed to have a trifle the advantage, but it was only momentary, for in half a dozen strokes Chambers was level, and opposite the Star had half a length the advantage. Opposite Simmonds' White seemed to gain but Chambers answered his spurt, and at the London Boat House Chambers had still half a length lead, and was rapidly gaining, for in another 200 yards he took White's water. After this he continued to gain rapidly, though he hugged the Middlesex shore rather too close, White steering a more even course. Off Craven Cottage the Northerner had two good lengths to spare, and off the Crab Tree four lengths at least. In shearing over they both went too much for the Surrey shore, especially Chambers. White here put on a fine spurt, but Chambers appeared to be rowing easy, and able to go ahead when he liked. The conduct of the steamboat captains here was most disgraceful. From Craven Cottage they had been slowly but surely nearing the hindmost man and opposite the Crab Tree, several of them came at full swing past the men's cutters. The result was that one was filled with water, and the other only escaped a similar fate by easing up. Of course they were no more use to either of the men. Hammersmith Bridge appeared lined with heads, and on both sides of the river the banks were crowded with spectators. The distance to the Bridge was done in about 9 minutes and a half, Chambers passing under at exactly twenty-two minutes past four, White being at this period of the race about seven lengths in the rear. Any odds were now offered on the Tyne man, but the Cockneys did not appear ambitious to uphold the honor of their city at the expense of their pockets. Off Chiswick Eyot, the sun, which had been unusually modest, came out strong, showing a host of craft of all sorts and sizes, filled with eager spectators of various degrees of cleanliness. The ex champion, Harry Kelly, was also seen pulling away ahead of Chambers, and seemed to have lost none of his old elegance of action. It would be tedious to describe minutely the progress of the men beyond this point; suffice it to say that after Chiswick, and many would say earlier, the Londoner had no chance. Chambers passed under Barnes Railway Bridge at thirty-three minutes past the hour White, a long distance in the rear, and coming about a minute behind. The champion continued his victorious course—we can not call it uninterrupted, for the river studded with boats seemed a very maze, but all managed to get out of his way pretty well—and he arrived at the Ship, Mortlake, where the flag was hoisted, at thirty-six minutes and three quarters past four, thus doing the entire distance in a little over twenty four minutes, very fair time considering that he had not much tide under him, and the water was not so smooth as it might have been (though better than from the forenoon we had anticipated). We have no doubt he could have gone much quicker had he been pressed, for during the last two miles he was rowing easily.

The result adds another to Chambers' many victories, and tends to show that no one at present on the boards has a chance with him. Kelly's race was a much better affair, for then the loser stuck to his man for more than half the distance, whereas yesterday the event seemed almost a "moral" after the first go off. In the style of rowing no less than in the pace is the Champion superior to the Bermondsey man, who, we must do him justice to say, did all in his power to justify the confidence of his backers, but has evidently been out matched from the first. In this case he has flown at too high game, but should both men be willing, would not a match with Hammerton be a close affair? Both men could probably find friends and an exciting contest would be the result.

Harry Kelly the ex-champion, a few days ago stated his willingness to row Chambers provided the latter would stake £200 to £200, or at any rate give some odds. This the Newcastle party are at present not prepared to do, and it appears more probable that Kelly will consent to row for level money, than that the Northerners will give odds. We hope that something may come of this, and should be glad to see the Championship of the Thames once more held by a resident waterman, instead of going to add glory to the heroes of the north.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE TEN MILE CHAMPIONSHIP—GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

JOHN WHITE OF GATESHEAD AND JAMES ROWAN OF GATESHEAD:—According to articles, these well-known clippers were to have met on Monday at Mr. Baum's to contend for the Champion's Cup and £50. The cup was first given by Mr. Baum on the 18th of June, 1859, and was won in the first instance by C. Cook of Marylebone, from whom it was wrested by Rowan, who has also defeated Pudney, Jackson, &c., with the most consummate ease, in every instance showing surprising speed, combined with elegance of action. Until very lately it was the opinion of all good judges that the cup would at the expiration of the given time (18 months) still be in the possession of Rowan, as no one appeared capable of disputing his right to the trophy, as well as the proud title of champion. The old adage that there is as good fish in the sea as ever came out, in this instance has been borne out to the letter, as a new star arose in the north in the shape of John White, of Gateshead, who under the care of George Martin (the Wizard of the North) took the Metropolitans by surprise, in winning the great five mile handicap with the utmost ease, when almost an untried man, beating in this instance several good pedestrians. Since then he has achieved an almost unparalleled series of successes, defeating Brighton twice for the four and six mile belts at Hackney Wick and Brompton, as well as Jones, of Islington in a five mile race at Brompton, which race arose from a dispute in the five mile handicap at the Wick. The men ran on the handicap terms for £15 a side, on which occasion Jones was most ignominiously defeated. White, who had improved in every struggle for victory, now felt himself in a position to challenge Rowan for the Championship; and on issuing a defiance to the rival star, Rowan at once accepted his terms, and the men at once commenced their training for the event. In our opinion we consider that Rowan, after having defeated White four times, on this occasion held him too cheap, as on his arrival in town he looked much too fleshy for an arduous struggle with such a fleet opponent as White, and the result will show that our opinion was correct. Such was the excitement that the anticipated contest between these men produced, that notwithstanding the heavy rain, which fell without any intermission all through the day, there could not have been less than 2 000 persons assembled, comprising amongst them men from all counties, although the pilgrims from the cannie north were in the ascendant, and their "muttering and growls" were audibly expressed when White appeared to run over the course, Rowan not having put in an appearance, nor ever having the grace to send a messenger to inform Mr Baum of his inability to compete for the race. When White had finished, the cup was presented to him filled with port wine, and amidst hearty cheers the health of the champion was drank by all. We have since heard that Rowan had broken down on Wednesday, in a trial spin at Garrett Lane.

When the short space of time in which *White has won* the four mile belt, the six mile belt, and the ten mile champion's cup is considered, the performance must stamp him as the wonder of the pedestrian world. White remains in London for the present, as it is his intention to compete for the ten mile handicap, on Monday next, at Hackney Wick.—*Sporting Telegraph Sept. 19th.*

SHOT HIMSELF.—Jackson the Peruvian attendant at the sporting establishment of Messrs. Keene, Farin & Steele, visited the Fashion Course on Friday last with a five shooter in his pocket, doubtless entrusted to him for *safe keeping* by one of his employers. Just before the horses started for the three mile race Jackson while in the act of stepping from the ground to the coach box, discharged the pistol which was in his pantaloons pocket, and shot himself through the fleshy part of the thigh. The ball was soon after extracted by a surgeon present, and Jackson is now doing well. The daily papers in noticing the fact, said. "The bullet passed through his thigh and lodged under the skin near the 'sternum' bone." In plain English the "sternum" is the breast bone. That ball must have had a lively time in getting up to the "smoke's" breast bone. But this is about as near right as our dailies usually get when detailing anything in the *sporting* way.

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Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

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E. FRENCHANI,	YOUNG LANGLOISE,
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This Mammoth Enterprise will start on its Annual Tour, West and South, en route for the Island of Cuba, August 13th.

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18tf

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For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

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MINSTRELS,
Are now in their
FOURTH REGULAR SEASON,
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The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
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Were we to enumerate the special stars of this troupe we would name Mdlles ROSALIE, LALANDE, LUCILLE, LESLIE, SCHELL, LOUISE, LEE.
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While a special engagement gives to its patrons the wonderful performance of the world ren wned
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And all at an amount which brings it within the capacity of the most limited purse.
Amongst the many scenes and acts which constitute the stage of the Melodeon a
LIVING PANORAMA OF EVER INCREASING LOVELINESS,
the management has the pleasure of enumerating, in the VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS, the following well known ARTISTS, engaged for the
FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN.
MISS SALLIE J. BISHOP,
The Empress of Motive Poetry, formerly of Laura Keene's, N. Y.
MISS MILLIE FOWLER,
Who is universally admitted to be the most Artistic Danseuse on the American Boards.
MISS KITTY BLANCHARD,
The charming and accomplished Young American Danseuse.
MISS FANNY LINGARD,
Who is universally acknowledged to be the best versatile actress upon the American Stage.
MISS JULIA MELVILLE,
The beautiful Vocalist and Comedienne, whose name is a passport to the lovers of good music.
MISS KATE ARCHER,
The beautiful and talented French Danseuse and Pantomimist, formerly of the world renowned Ravels.
MISS LUCY HAMBLIN,
Danseuse and Versatile Actress, from the Bowery Theatre, N. Y.
MISS KATE NELSON,
Comic Vocalist and Jig Dancer, the great imitator and personator of Mrs. Barney Williams.
MISS JENNY JOHNSON,
The accomplished American Actress and Danseuse.
M'LLE ROSE,
The beautiful French Danseuse, formerly of the Ravel Troupe.
MD'LLE MILLIE FLORA,
Danseuse and Eccentric Vocalist.
MISS MARY BLAKE,
The pretty Danseuse, from the world-renowned N. Y. Melodeon.
MISS CLARA BERGER,
Serio Comique Danseuse, formerly of Sadler's Wells, London.
MISS SUSAN SUMMERFIELD,
The Young Scotch Danseuse.
MISS KATE MARSHALL,
The graceful Danseuse, formerly of the Arch Street Theatre.
BESIDES
MISS SALLIE COMLY, FLORENCE RIVERS, EMMA TURNER, MARY WESNER, ELLA WESNER, MARY WELCH,
All of whom are young, graceful and beautiful Dancers.
Mr. L. H EVERITT, Singing and Light Comedian.
Mr. R. G. EDSON, Singing and Low Comedian.
Mr. SHIRLEY FRANCE, Eccentric Comedian.
Mons. SZOLLOSY, the great Comic Dancer.
MR. JOHN MULLIGAN,
The original Bob Ridley, and delineator of the Plantation Darkey of the South.
MR. DENNY GALLAGHER,
Ethiopian Comedian and Comic Vocalist.
MR. A. J. LEAVITT,
Who is without a rival as a Banjo Soloist.
MASTER GEORGE GERMAINE,
Tenor Singer, who is without an equal on any stage.
YOUNG AMERICA,
The best delineator of the Southern Darkey in the United States.
SIG. MODESTA,
The sweetest and purest Tenor in America.
And countless others, all of wh ch will be presented with a fullness and freshness of style with which we invite comparison and defy competition from all the companies combined.
N. B.—All communications, to ensure attention, must be addressed to FRANK RIVERS,
23 Philadelphia Melodeon.

BALTIMORE MELODEON,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
C. LENTLECHER.....Manager and Proprietor
JOHN P. SMITH.....Business Agent
SIGNOR J. ROSWALD.....Musical Director
JOHN LINHARD.....Pianist
OPEN EVERY NIGHT,
With a Company of Twenty-five Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent.
THE MELODEON MINSTRELS,
Comprising Ten Excellent Performers, appear nightly in a variety of splendid performances.
The following is the Company now engaged at the Melodeon, which the Manager, without fear of contradiction, pronounces equal to any in the United States.
MAX IRWIN, the best Negro Comedian living.
H. W EAGAN, Eccentric Comedian and general performer.
FENNO BURTON, the great Comic Vocalist.
JOHNNY WILLIAMS, the pleasing Ballad st.
JOSEPH WHITTAKER, the excellent Tenor.
BOB HALL, Banjoist and Jig Dancer.
JOHNNY WINANS, the Funn Fat Boy.
IKE VINSTER, Contortionist.
J. VINCENT, Baritone Vocalist.
T JOHNSTON, Comic Singer, Negro Delineator, &c.
Miss IDA DUVAL, the beaut ful and gifted Cantatrice.
Miss ELLA WOOD, the fascinating Vocalist
Md'lle MARIE, the beautiful and accomplished Danseuse.
Miss LUCY CLIFTON, Miss MARY VINCENT, Miss HENNITTA, La Petite HENNITTA and a Corps de Ballet of
24 4t TWENTY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES.

SAM COWELL'S
SECOND TOUR
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA,
Previous to his return to Europe early in December.
Portland, all this week.
Quebec, next week.
A list of towns to be visited will be published in the CLIPPER every week.
21-tf G. A. HOUGH, Business Manager.

BANJO PLAYING.—In reply to G. C Dobson's Banjo Challenge, he can be accommodated with 10, 20, or 30 tunes, for the sum he names, or a much more as he likes. To show him I mean business, I will put up $500 as a forfeit. CHARLES PLUMER.
Address T. P. PRENDERGAST, Brooklyn Office, 27 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn. 24

SKYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday 51-tf

LACLEDE THEATRE, ST. LOUIS, MO., will open early in October. Applications for engagements addressed to J. ADAMS, St. Louis, Mo. This house will hold twenty-five hundred persons. 25 5t*

LENT'S GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS.
L. B. LENT.....Manager.
Will perform in the CITY OF BROOKLYN on
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,
October 9th and 10th,
At 2 in the Afternoon, and 7½ in the Evening, each day.
The spacious pavilion is erected on the lot
OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.
Admission to all parts of the Pavilion.....25 Cents.
Included in the extraordinary attractions of this famous Equestrian Troupe is the distinguished equestrian artiste
M'LLE HELOISE,
The great feature of Niblo's Garden last winter, during the sojourn of Cooke's Royal Amphitheatre in this country;
Besides most of the other renowned riders and acrobats of the present day, among whom are the following:—
Mr. ROBT STICKNEY, Champion Somersault Rider;
W. DUCROW, Hurdle Rider and Leaper;
Mons. ROCHELLE, Daring Feats on L'Echelle Perilleuse;
Miss EMMA STICKNEY, Child of the Arena;
THOS. KING, Vaulting Phenomenon;
M'lle VIRGINIA, Lady Equestrianism;
R. HERNANDEZ, Flying Rider and Acrobat;
H. FORREST, the Contortionist;
M'lle AUGUSTA, Parisian Equestrienne;
Sig. ADOLPHE GONZALES, the Chilian Artist;
FOUR ROMAN BROTHERS;
H. BARTINE, Bareback Rider and Rope Vaulter;
Three Great Clowns,
W. KENNEDY, J. LEE POWELL, S. STICKNEY, Jr.;
The splendid trained Arabian Horse ABDALLAH,
And the Educated Mules, DAN RICE and P. T. BARNUM;
And the Troupe of PONIES,
Will exhibit their astonishing performances.
The entire enclosure being amply supplied with seats for the audience, there will be eligible places for every spectator to witness the performances in the arena with comfort and satisfaction.
The entertainments will be accompanied by a Magnificent Orchestra, led by ADAM PROBST. 26-1t*

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 BROADWAY.
444 BROADWAY.
IMMENSE SUCCESS.
IMMENSE SUCCESS.
CROWDED HOUSES.
CROWDED HOUSES.
The largest Concert Hall in the city. Capable of seating
THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE
Pronounced by all to be the only advertised attraction of the present day, suited to the tastes of the MASSES. None but the best TALENT can be found in the country is engaged, and the general effect of the place is superior to any other in the City. The only place where strict order and decorum is rigidly enforced.
The following artists will appear every evening:
BILLY O'NEIL,
The only original Irish Comedian in America.
L. SIMMONS
in his unequalled Bango Solos.
M. McKENNA,
The only true representative of the darkey race.
W. QUINN,
The greatest Burlesque Orator of the day.
PROF NICHOLLS AND SON,
in their beautiful and classical gymnastic groupings.

FRED SHAW,	Mons. LA THORNE,
BILLY ALLEN,	G. GAINOR,

Miss CLARA HARRINGTON,
Justly styled the American Nightingale,

Miss GREGOR,	Miss JULIA CHRISTINE,
Miss JENNY CHRISTINE,	Miss LIZZY SCHULTZ,
Miss TILLY SCHULTZ,	Miss KATE HAMILTON,
Miss JULIA HAMILTON,	Miss EMMA MARSH,

and a host of others, too numerous to mention.
R. W. BUTLER.....Proprietor.
Mons. LA THORNE.....Stage Manager.
F. VAN OLKEN.....Musical Director. 25-2t

THE MOST COMPLETE AND
LARGEST MINSTREL TROUPE TRAVELLING,
Is again in the field for the year 1860 and '61.
UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE
DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND;
TWENTY PERFORMERS,
Consisting of the very flower of Ethiopian Artists in the profession.
SHOREY, DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ONLY ORIGINAL
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE,
AND MAMMOTH BRASS BAND,
Are on the move for the West, South, and the Island of Cuba, and during the present season they will visit the following cities: New Bedford, Lynn, Springfield, Massachusetts; Concord, N. H.; Brattleboro, Vermont; New Haven, Conn.; Paterson, N. J.; Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, N. Y.; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Ohio; Detroit, Mich.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul, Dubuque, Iowa; Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Louis, Mo.; Louisville, Ky.; Nashville, Tenn.; Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Miss.; Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Havana, Cuba, Mobile, Ala.; Montgomery, Savannah, Ga.; Augusta, Charleston, S. C.; Columbia, Wilmington, N. C.; Norfolk, Richmond, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; and stopping at all the principal towns along the whole route, on which occasion every member of this stupendous troupe will appear in an entirely new selection of Acts, selected from the gems of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.
THE NEW ORLEANS and METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND, led by Mr. JOHN PRAIT, will give a Grand Serenade in front of the Hall each evening previous to opening the doors.
Proprietors, SHOREY, DUPREZ & GREEN.
Manager and Business Agent, CHS. H. DUPREZ. 25 4t*

CIRCUS ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.—The Messrs. Antonio Brothers, wishing to retire from the business, offer for sale the whole of their establishment, known as the Great World Circus, consisting of forty-five first rate Horses, forty sets of good Harness, eight Baggage Wagons, Band Carriage, Advertising Wagon, three Buggies, Entree Trappings and Entree Dresses, (only used one season.) 95 feet Round Top Canvas, with 40 foot Dressing Room, (only used five months), Pads, Chains, Poles, Wood Cuts, and everything complete for a traveling company, and all in the best condition. Any one wishing any information in reference to it will please address P. ANTONIO,
No. 33 La Beaum street, St. Louis, Mo.
N. B.—Terms, Cash on delivery of property. Will be delivered up on the 1st of November. 26-2t*

CANNON BALL EXERCISE.—Cincinnati, Oct. 2, '60.—F. QUEEN.—Before taking my departure for Europe I do hereby challenge any man in the United States, in any sum from five hundred to two thousand dollars, to compete with me in cannon ball exercises—the weight of balls to be from thirty-five to sixty pounds, the contest to take place in Cincinnati, or in New York City. The amount of forfeit required, two hundred and fifty dollars, to be deposited at Bush Hall's Saloon, No. 201 Vine Street, Cincinnati, within ten days after the first issue of this challenge, and the remainder to be deposited any time previous to the time set for the contest. The exercises are to consist of strength, attitudes, grace, style, &c.
26-1t* JOHN CONKLIN.

☞ We have letters for T. Allston Brown; Stella Sisters; John Connolly, of Maguire's Opera House.

INFORMATION WANTED of James and Michael Dempsey, brother and uncle to Bridget Dempsey, now in Lane, Illinois. Direct in care of W. H. Bell, for Bridget Dempsey. 26 1t

CITY SUMMARY.

SATURDAY, October 6, 1860.

The publication of the CLIPPER being somewhat in advance of the usual day, our remarks in this place are necessarily curtailed. We contemplated a little gossip with our friends, but the change in date "for this time only," will compel us to postpone further confab to another opportunity. Meanwhile, it is only incumbent on us to glance incidentally at the preparations being made in our midst for the reception of the Prince of Wales. The young gentleman will undoubtedly be the centre figure of a grand show, of which we may speak hereafter.

At Niblo's Garden, Mr. Forrest, after his several personations of Hamlet, appears on Monday, as King Lear, a character he well sustains, notwithstanding the disparity between the character itself and the actor, in age and physical peculiarities.

At the New Bowery, Mr. Eddy concludes his engagement this evening, appearing as the fiery Richard.

Mr. Chanfrau takes leave of his friends at the Old Bowery, to-night—the performances consisting of an extensive olio, in which Mr. C will show off some of his clever traits of acting.

We hear that preparations are being made here for the production of two novelties—the first, an original adaptation from Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," the second, an election comicality, called "I'll Bet a Hat." Both claim the parentage of Mr. Henry Morford, late of the "Leader," and now of the "Atlas."

At Bryant's, we are promised, among a host of novelties, on Monday, the Original Essence of Old Virginny, by Dan, who will go through his mirth-moving performance, the first time in eight months.

"More attractions" is the announcement inscribed on the shingle of Hooley and Campbell, for the following week. This is good, but what is better, the words, when so used by friends H. and C. are sure of being thoroughly realized.

At Barnum's, the usual programme will be varied a little next week—the Albino Family and other objects of interest taking their farewell this evening.

The performances at the American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway, go swimmingly along. A good bill is up for the next week.

At Jones' Wood, on the 3d inst., the paper balloon of the adventurous and hopeful Coppin did not go up so high as he wished it. The cooking process below was tried as usual, but was found only able to send the paper machine a trifling height, added to which a rent was made in it by a projecting stake. It is supposed that no other attempt at an ascension will be made this year, although we believe the gallant Frenchmen intends to "go up" in the spring.

At Wallack's, on the 2d inst., Mr. John Brougham's new comedy, "Playing with Fire," was produced, with all those aids of scenery and costume for which the establishment is noted, and with a thorough knowledge of the dialogue and action rare anywhere on the occasion of a first representation. The piece in question, like all Mr. Brougham's efforts in the line, is by no means novel in plot, skilful in construction, or strong in the delineation of character, but possesses the more substantial guarantees of success, in smart colloquial passages and a constancy of action—the result being the full employment of the audience' attention from commencement to end. Pieces of this description are too pleasant to invite criticism, in the same way that particular viands are enjoyed, spite of their elements, which, according to chemical analysis, are supposed to be otherwise than wholesome. The plot of the new comedy simply resolves itself on the jealousy of a Mr. Herbert Waverly (Mr. Norton), whose wife is purposely associated with a Dr. Savage (Mr. Lester Wallack), for the purpose of proving her false or true. There is a great deal of flirting between the Dr. and Mrs. Waverly, but nothing more, and the husband who has resorted to the odd plan of settling his apprehensions is suitably rewarded. Several other characters are introduced, including the busy little wife of Savage, an old lady, a young ditto, and a young gentleman, which are respectively filled by Miss Mary Gannon, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Tree, and A. H. Davenport. Mrs. Hoey was the Mrs. Waverly of the piece, and Mr. Blake showed as Uncle Timothy—a part scarcely good enough for him, but which, to his credit, he acted with considerable care. As Dr. Savage, Mr. Lester Wallack had opportunity for the display of his acknowledged talent for the portrayal of eccentricities, and availed himself of it to the utmost. Mrs. Hoey was extremely fascinating as Mrs. Waverly, while Mr. Norton, as her suspicious husband, acted with marked correctness. Miss Mary Gannon dashed through her part with her accustomed pleasant vivacity; and Miss Tree, in the little she had to do, was quiet and correct. Mr. Davenport, or as he is more generally called, Dolly Davenport, was successful in his personation of Pinchbeck, and received a hearty welcome, it being his first appearance this season. The comedy altogether seems to promise a successful run.

At Laura Keene's, the Irish drama of "Aileen Aroon" has succeeded "The Monkey Boy." The novelty is merely an adaptation by Mr. De Walden, the regular author of the establishment, and the materials of which it is composed have been derived from various sources—principally from Carleton's "Traits of the Irish Peasantry." As the plot of this drama has been already given by our contemporaries, it is useless for us to add to the detail. A glance at the general features, and at the acting and the adjuncts of scenery and music will therefore be all that is required from us in the connection. "Aileen Aroon" is essentially a sensation drama—commencing with a storm and the ill-omened arrival of a newly married pair, and then introducing to our notice a discarded lover, a husband who has been accepted out of gratitude, a villainous relation, and several other characters whose business it is to work up incidents to a point of intensity. What may be called the chief interest of the drama is found in the suspicion that the young wife is slowly murdering her husband—a suspicion, however, from which she clears herself, amidst the solemn surroundings of a midnight scene and the singing of mass. The several characters of any note in the piece are acted cleverly by the ladies and gentlemen to whom they are entrusted—Miss Keene in particular shining with peculiar grace and prettiness, after her recent disguise as the vagabond French boy; the scenery used in "Aileen Aroon" is quite beautiful, and the music thoroughly characteristic. We expect the piece will have a successful run.

The Floating Palace, "C. Vanderbilt," arrived at this city, on the 29th ult., and now lays at the foot of Bethune street, N. R. The Ethiopian troupe recently traveling on board is disbanded, and the animals were to sail for California, during the past week, under the management of Col. Wood, who intends fighting some of the bears against the wild bulls of the "Golden State." Mr. L. Baker, a companion of old Adams, will take charge of the animals. Captain John Clarke, the owner of the palace, has sold her. She is to have machinery put into her, and be transformed into a passenger boat.

Charley White is fast recovering from his recent accident, and we understand that he will resume his position again, with Messrs. Fox & Curran, of Canterbury Hall, on or about the 15th of the present month. We sincerely wish him better luck for the future, and trust he may speedily realize an equivalent for his late injuries, for certainly none of his profession are more deserving.

Mr. Gerard C. Quick, of Zoological fame, has shipped for this city a living Hippopotamus, of enormous dimensions, being one of the only pair that has been on exhibition for many years. It is one of those recently captured on the river Ganges, and placed in the London Zoological Gardens, where it was purchased by Mr. Quick, at an almost fabulous price, for exhibition in this country. This rare and monstrous creature will be shown to the public soon after its arrival.

On reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that Lent's Great National Circus shows at Brooklyn, on the afternoons and evenings of the 9th and 10th inst. Among the company will be found the names of several performers of celebrity to whose talents in their respective lines, the public has often liberally testified. Most likely, the Circus will be adequately patronized by our friends of the consolidated city.

The entertainments at the Melodeon continue to be of the usual sort—plentiful and varied, and introducing some amusing displays of acrobatic skill.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

The Indianapolis Theatre opened on the 1st inst., with Miss Marian Macarthy and Mrs. T. A. Vincent as "stars." They were to remain a fortnight. The regular company includes the following names:—Miss Henrietta Irving, leading; Miss Maria Irving, Miss Hattie Taylor, Mrs. Hight, Mrs. Rainford, Miss Noyes; Messrs. John Eisler (manager), J. G. Ashmer, C. P. Plunkett, Alex. Fisher, Roche, Sharp, Harcourt, White, Gross, &c.

The "Little Lady of Texas," inquired for in a late issue of the CLIPPER, after a brief stay in Clairsville, Ohio, proceeded, last week, to Shelbyville, Ky.

C. W. Parker, contortionist and posturer, and Herr Clinton, single bar performer, have left Gardner's show, and are now travelling through Ohio, exhibiting at the fairs.

George Christy's Minstrels opened at Dover, N. H., on the 3d inst., and showed at the following places at the respective dates annexed to them:—Concord, 4th; Manchester, 5th; Lowell, 6th. Their programme for the present week is Fitchburgh, 8th; Worcester, 9th; Springfield, 10th; Hartford, 11th; New London, 12th; New Haven, 13th. On the 15th, they open in Newark, N. J., and thence go on to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and the Southern cities generally.

The following has been received, in reference to a statement which appeared in a recent issue of the CLIPPER:—"Chicago, Oct. 1, 1860.—MR. EDITOR: To my surprise I read a 'card' in your issue of the 29th ult., signed John Whytal. I have no personal *acquaintance* with the gentleman, and think it due to others as well as to myself that his card should be answered. I read the notice, wherein it was stated that the accidents to Miss Ella Wren and two others were owing to the carelessness of Mr. Pratt, and felt pained at the exaggeration. Three accidents *have* occurred in the theatre. The first was to a Mr. White, who jumped from a rock (set piece); he accidentally struck on a trap, which *broke through*, letting him fall to a cellar below; fortunately striking on his feet. He was not injured. Mr. Tilton's was the second, and mine the third accident—*slight*, Mr. Whytal terms it. I still feel the ill effects of it—still retain the bruises, and expect to do so for some time to come. I thank God from my heart it was not a serious or fatal accident. True, I *saw* the open stage, with two loose planks across the doorway; but no one said to me, "Miss Wren, that trap will be that way at night; be careful of it." How could I, a stranger, know intuitively the danger? Your correspondent infers there was *no* carelessness. Where then was the man who should have stood at the door? Why was the trap open at all? It was only used in the first act, and Mrs. Bateman saw that it was closed the second night. It was only through the persuasion of an energetic friend, who thought it would be for my welfare, that I played at all the next night; and to tell the truth, I was unfit to do so for a fortnight. My being ill at that time would have been a serious inconvenience to the management, and any one in the profession can tell you that consideration has great weight with an actor or actress—that is, if they are conscientious. This is the first time I have ever penned a line to an editor; I trust it may be the last *in this way*. I have no desire to force myself before the public. You have now the exact statement; your judgment must decide whether there was "carelessness." I believe Mr. Pratt, from my limited knowledge of him, to be in every way a worthy man, and quite as "capable" as Mr. Whytal reports him; but I am not willing to bear a blame I do not deserve, and where I alone have been the sufferer. Yours truly,
ELLA M. WREN.

P.S.—Mr. McVicker, the manager, was kind and considerate, as he always is.

A suit was recently brought into the Peterborough (Eng.) County Court, by a gymnastic performer, known under the name of Zeleski, and Chevalier, the noted "Five King," for the recovery of £30 and £25, respectively, with traveling expenses. The two men had been engaged on the above terms per week, by a Mr Rayner, who was induced to break with them, in consequence of seeing an announcement in the papers, that both Zeleski and Chevalier were open to employment at the time they were to act for him. A verdict was returned for the defendant, notwithstanding the complainants did all they could to show that the announcement in question was only part and parcel of their professional action, and that Mr. Rayner so understood it.

The Continental Opera House, Pittsburgh, made a "grand burst" on the 28th ult., owing to some disagreement with the performers. It re-opened, however, on the evening of the 1st inst., with a new company.

Alf. Howard (American Ole Bull) was about starting from Vandalia, to Cairo and Paducah, Ky., whence he would proceed to Nashville, Tenn., and Macon, Ga.

The Seigrist and Zanfretta Ballet and Pantomime Troupe commenced an engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 1st inst.

Frank Rivers' Melodeon, Philadelphia, is one of the "fixed facts" of this ever-changing age. The Philadelphia Melodeon is a very pretty little theatre, tastefully arranged and decorated, with a roomy stage, beautiful scenery, and all the appurtenances belonging to a regular temple of the drama. It has a parquet and two box circles, with four private boxes, etc. The entertainments offered are of the most varied character, and in this, combined with the business tact of Mr. Rivers, lies the secret of the great success which the Melodeon has achieved. The company engaged at this establishment is the largest and most talented ever gathered together in any similar institution. To give an idea of its strength, we may here mention that forty-two young and pretty ladies form a portion of the forces, the entire company numbering some seventy performers, many of them really excellent in their respective lines of business, which includes pantomimes, the drama, farce, dancing, singing, gymnastics, etc. Among the ladies engaged are Misses Sallie J. Bishop, Julia Mortimore, Millie Fowler, Julia Melville, Fanny Lingard, and our little friend Kitty Blanchard. In the ranks of the sterner sex, we have a clever tenor singer in the person of Master George Germaine, A. J. Leavitt, D. Gallager, J. Mulligan, G. R. Edeson, J. H. Everett, S. France, etc. A very attractive feature of the entertainment is the "female minstrel" scene, in which the most prominent

ladies of the company take part. There are some real beauties in this female band. We congratulate Manager Rivers on the favorable reception he has received in this, his second season. On our next visit to Philadelphia, we shall endeavor to find time to spend an evening at the Melodeon, and give a notice of the performances of the entire company. Prof. G. F. Orrin and his three boys are now fulfilling an engagement at the Melodeon, prior to their departure for the West Indies. Business is immense, notwithstanding the political excitement.

The Van Amburgh show was at Albany on the 4th and 5th inst.

We are requested to state that Mr. John Connolly is in no way connected with Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco.

The D. D. Tompkin's Fire Company, of Albany, with some of the officials of that city, visited Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia, on the 4th inst.

Tom Taylor's comedy of "The Election" is drawing good houses at the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Professor Wiljoiba, the magician, or the "double" of the "great original," had disappeared from Lincoln, Eng., after giving several performances.

Mr. Gardiner Coyne, after playing seventy two nights in London, had gone on a professional visit to Ireland, his native country, and at the latest dates was acting at the Belfast Theatre, with the prospect of a successful "star" tour of sixteen months through the kingdom.

"The Colleen Bawn" was in the third week of its representation at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

Mrs. Charles Howard is announced at the London Lyceum as Miss Rosina Howard.

Mr. Edward Glover, the favorite comedian, was very ill—supposed to be dying.

Mr. Barry Sullivan was acting with Miss Marriott, at the Standard Theatre, London.

An actor, named William Hughes, was recently drowned at Leeds, Eng. He was a widower, about thirty-five years of age. No evidence was given as to how he got into the water.

Buchart, the distinguished poet, and author of the tragedy of "Jane Grey," died about three weeks since, in one of the hospitals in Berlin, Prussia. He was forty years of age.

The Christy Minstrels were performing in the towns of Lincolnshire, Eng.

A scene of wild confusion came off on the 15th ult., at the theatre in Belfast, Ireland. An actor, named Moss, had dressed himself for his part, but the manager (Mr. Scott) fancying he had taken something a little stronger than water, forbade his appearance; whereupon the actor forced his way upon the stage, and made an appeal to the audience, who, seeing no signs of inebriety about Mr. Moss, took sides with him. To end the scene, the manager had sent for some policemen, by whom the actor was chased over the footlights, the orchestra, and through the pit. He, however, managed to escape, while Mr. Scott and the officers were pelted with orange peels, and loudly groaned at. The upshot was that the manager was obliged to submit to the *ex populi*, by allowing Mr. Moss to go through his part.

The operatic drama of "the Magic Bridal," was produced at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 4th inst., with a cast including Mr. and Miss Caroline Richings, and others. On the following evening, Miss Richings took a benefit. According to present arrangements, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams succeed Mr. Richings and his daughter, on the 8th.

The following items of theatrical and show life in Liverpool have just been received from a reliable correspondent:—"Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 18, 1860.—FRIEND FRANK: The season here for amusements is just commencing. The London "Savage Club" (an organisation of writers and other professional gentlemen) appear at the Theatre Royal, on the 25th, in aid of the Brough Memorial Fund. "The School for Scandal" is the play; followed by an address written by G. A. Sala, who is so often mistaken by readers for Charles Dickens.....The Italian Opera Company commences at the above theatre, on the 1st of October. Grisi, Mario, and other celebrities are included.....At the Royal Amphitheatre, Mrs. Charles Howard and Harry Watkins are performing three nights each week, the remaining nights being appropriated to Mr. Honey, formerly of the Pyne and Harrison troupe—business only fair. The Amphitheatre and the Theatre Royal are both owned and conducted by Mr. W. R. Copeland, a brother of the late Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who visited America, many years ago, with Buckstone.....Joseph Proctor appeared at the Adelphi last night. This house, in regard to its company, &c., is only very "small potatoes".....There is another show house here, called the Coliseum, patronised generally by sailors and their female followers.....Last night I visited Allsop's Wax Works, where I saw figures of Heenan and Sayers. That of the latter seems to be a good resemblance, but that of Heenan is evidently an old affair—the head and "upper works" of some defunct malefactor made to do duty in a very American looking suit of clothes, which I should like to steal for Jonathan Ploughboy. They have made "Benish" a head taller than Tom.....St. George's Hall is a magnificent building, belonging to the corporation. In it they have placed an organ, said to be the largest ever built. A Mr. Best is employed as organist, and concerts are given on Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons, to what are called the "millions"—the price of admission being six pence, equivalent to twelve cents.....I soon start for London, where I shall make business arrangements, of which I will inform you at the proper time. ***

"A Tale of Two Cities," dramatised by Mr. John Templeton, was recently produced at the Nashville (Tenn.) Theatre.

Joseph L. Wallis, step son of Madame Ponisi, died at Petersburgh, Va., on the 2d inst. His complaint was disease of the heart, under which he had been laboring only since the 29th of September. He was a promising young man.

The Cooper Opera Troupe was at the New Theatre, Richmond, Va., last week.

Miss Julia Daly concluded a successful engagement at the Plymouth (Eng.) Theatre, on the 8th ult., and afterwards went to Cambridge, for a week. Notwithstanding the serious character of the latter place, Miss Daly, we hear, received a warm welcome, and had appeareared thrice, much to the amusement of her collegiate audiences.

Mrs. M. A. Pennoyer, who, we stated in our last, had lessed the Little Rock and Fort Smith Theatres, for the coming fall and winter season, opens the former on the 28th inst. The lady was in St. Louis, last week, making up her company. The theatre at Little Rock is a large and roomy building, holding from eight hundred to a thousand persons, and, we hear, has been newly decorated and furnished with gas.

On Wednesday, 31 inst., W. W. Pierce and Miss Marian Crapo were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, by the Rev. Mr. Cooke, at Simon's Hotel, Baltimore, in the presence of a goodly number of their fellow-performers, including Misses Fanny Forrest, Celia Morley, Augusta Walby, Julia Elliott; Mr. and Mrs. Max Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Garry de Mott; Edward Berry, &c., &c. The latter gentleman gave away the bride, and at the conclusion of the ceremony a rush was made between him and Max Irwin for the first kiss of the bride, which was obtained by Max, but Berry had the best of it, although he *was* second; Max had to do it in a hurry, but Ned took his time about it.

General Tom Thumb was to be at Worcester, Mass., on the 6th, 8th, and 9th inst., Fitchburg, the 10th, Greenfield, the 11th, and Northampton, the 12th and 13th, so ending his Eastern tour. He will then retire to Bridgeport, to enjoy a brief recess. He will start for the South on or about November 7th.

Uncle Ben Trimble continues to display his tact and talent in the snug free and easy, the Varieties, at Pittsburgh. Several changes have recently taken place in his company.

The Pittsburgh Theatre has been doing a good business, we hear, since the de-but of Little Mary McVicker, on the 4th inst.; she appeared as Little Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Athenæum Opera House, Pittsburgh, was opened on the 29th ult., to a very full audience. The performances, making allowance for a first night, went off excellently. The following is a list of the company and officers:—Messrs. Porter and Lyne, lessees; James Flake, stage manager and tamborinist; Miss Ada Hunter, balladist; Miss Tilly Price, do.; Miss Millie Price, danseuse; J. W. Landis, "tother end;" J. Conrad, middle man; H. Conrad, guitarist; H. Hamilton, balladist; J. Donnelly, violinist; J. Baldwin, banjo, Johnny Bishop, jig dancer.

Master Reniz gave a concert at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, Mass., on the 3d inst, to a middling audience; and Mrs. Varian James, vocalist, was up for a similar entertainment at the same place, on the 5th. Mr. H. Cooke, the tenor, and Mr. Hoffman, the pianist, are with her.

George K. Goodwin & Co.'s Menagerie exhibited in Portland, Me., on the 5th and 6th inst. It then went to Saco, where it remained over the 8th and 9th, and was announced to show at Great Falls, N. H., on the 10th; Dover, 11th; Newmarket, 12th, and Portsmouth, 13th.

The Metropolitan Circus, still in the hands of Old Sam Peoples and Franklin, had been showing a few nights at San Francisco, previous to a tour through the mining country. Sam Lathrop, the clown, was among the company. From reliable accounts, it seems that circus business in California is very uncertain, and the difficulties surrounding the paths of performers generally very numerous, partly through the high charges for travel and the monopoly in Theatrical property. The result is, that persons going out and failing in their endeavors to make a great hit, are left in a condition of comparative if not positive distress.

The following show items from a friend on the "other side" will be read with interest:—"Northampton, Eng., Sept. 15th, 1860.—FRIEND FRANK: Here I am right in the centre of England. This is a great manufacturing town, with over three thousand shoemakers, and a fine cattle market. The amusements here are very dull. The theatre is closed. There are a couple of concert saloons, both "one horse." Christy's Minstrels opened here last night to about a thousand persons, at the Corn Exchange, a splendid Hall. They play again to-night, and a great many reserved seats are taken.... London, Sept. 16.—The amusements here are in full bloom. Miss Julia Daly is travelling with great success in the provinces. John Brougham will appear at the Haymarket next week. Miss Agnes Robertson has made a great hit at the Adelphi Theatre. The Buckleys will open at St. James' Hall in the middle of October. The Campbell Minstrels have caved in at last. Charley Fox, Ritter, and Crocker are going to exhibit at a concert saloon. "What a fall was there, my countrymen!" American talent is well supported here. Joe Proctor is doing well at Liverpool. Neafie is to open there to-night. The circus closes at the Alhambra, on Wednesday, after a dull season. Charley Baccus left for America on Wednesday. It is pity he could not show the London people some of his comicalities. Dan Costello, the American clown, is very lame, and doing nothing at present. John Murray and Geo. Holland have made a big hit in Germany. The Ethiopians at Canterbury Hall (17 in number) are doing well. Joe Brown is a favorite. Joe is not very well at present; but still keeps at his post. He is working too hard. The Buckley's are in Dublin. The Christy's will play four nights in Nottingham this week.

WIDE AWAKE.

A company of gymnasts, consisting of Herr Zamerzou and his young pupils, were the attractions at the Alhambra, Leeds, Eng.

A Southern contemporary, in reporting the attendance of a show company at church, lays considerable stress on the "propriety of conduct" evinced by the itinerants. We can see nothing to be surprised at in the matter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Courtaine were still at the Bella Union Melodeon, San Francisco, at last advices. At Gilbert's Melodeon, the Chapmans were the attraction.

At Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., opera was in the ascendant, the troupe consisting of Mme. Lucy Escott, Miss Georgia Hodson, Miss Rosalie Durand, Miss Ada King, Messrs. S. Leach, J. De Haga, Fred. Lyster, and T. Trevor.

Paul McAloon, said to be the biggest boy in the world, was on exhibition in the midland counties of England. He is seventeen years of age, weighs 420 pounds, and measures six feet round the body.

Grisi and Mario were operalizing at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, with great success.

Buckley's Serenaders, with Miss Julia Gould, were performing in Dublin, whence they would proceed to Birmingham, ready for commencing on the 24th ult.

The following are a few items of Australian theatrical news down to the most recent dates. Mr. McKean Buchanan had appeared at the Prince of Wales, Melbourne, after a long absence form the colony. His daughter, Virginia, has been associated with him in several pieces, and is spoken well of as a *debutante*.....The "Tale of Two Cities," adapted from Dickens' story of the same name, had been produced with success at many of the theatres. The equestrian drama had been tried very successfully in several towns of Victoria colony.

.....Miss Avonia Jones, after a short but reputed brilliant season at Bendigo, had returned to Melbourne.....The Italian Opera Company at Melbourne had been disorganized, partly through want of success, and partly through the quarrels of the artistes.....Productions of the exciting school, such as "Turpin's Ride to York," "Sixteen String Jack," &c., were beginning to be patronized.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were still on their professional tour, (extending from September 24th to November 24th, inclusive) through the English counties.

Mr. Charles Pitt had announced to open the Sheffield (Eng.) Theatre, on the 20th of October.

Miss Kate Saxon, well-known to the play-goers of New York and other cities, has become a standard favorite at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London.

Charles Reed, in his new book, "The Eighth Commandment," speaks in the highest terms of the imaginative powers of American writers.

Mr. Neafie was announced positively to appear at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, for twelve nights, commencing on the 1st inst.—previous to his trying his fortune on the London boards.

A monument was about to be erected over the grave of the late Richard Flexmore, clown at several of the metropolitan theatres in England.

The Female Colored Opera Troupe, in full Indian costume, with Alec. Palmer, Yankee clown, were performing in the neighborhood of London.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION meet at 50 Chambers st., Wednesday evening. E. S. GRAHAM, President. [20-3m*]

THE AVONITES meet every Monday evening at 182 West 18th street. HARRY EAMES, President. 16-3m*

HOWARD TESTIMONIAL.—This affair will come off at the French Theatre shortly. Holders of tickets will please bear in mind that their "cards" for the Stadt Theatre will be exchanged for new ones. Mr. Howard, we learn, is bound to act with his friends on the "square."

DRAMATIC HALL.—A complimentary testimonial to Mr. E. Gillet, Jr., is announced to take place at the above named place on the 9th inst. A good bill is in preparation.

THE LAURA KEENE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION is again in existence, its resuscitator this time being Sam Everett.

THE DRAMA ON BOARD SHIP.—The members of the Dramatic Association on board the "Old North" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, gave their first entertainment of the fall season, which, we are glad to record, resulted in a perfect success. The opening piece was "Don Cæsar De Bazan," Mr. H Churchill, the indefatigable manager of the Aquatic Troupe, appearing as Don Cæsar, a part just suited to his abilities; he made a good display throughout, at times readering some difficult points with considerable skill. As Don Jose, Mr. Brady acquitted himself creditably; his acting on this occasion was marked with improvement. Mr. McMinn handled the part of Charles II very well. Mr. Tyrell's Marquis was an an excellent rendition. Master Ward, as Lazarillo, rendered himself most praiseworthy. Miss Conover and Miss Kavanagh were passable, the latter lady (?) speaking in too low a voice to be heard. The chorus singers were a great addition to the piece and the music by them was well executed. In the Negro Eccentricities which followed the drama, Messrs McKinney and Sloman kept the ship—if we may be allowed the expression—in a roar of laughter. The song of "The Mocking Bird," by a gentleman whose name was not on the bills, was received with great applause. The beautiful ballad of "I'm Leaving Thee," etc., was next in order, being executed by Mr. Brady. The Farce of the "Lottery Ticket" ended the show, Mr. Tyrell essaying the part of Wormwood, which he rendered very skillfully indeed. Mr. Churchill's Captas was a good piece of acting, few faults being perceptible barring those common to the best of amateur actors. The audience appeared highly delighted with the performance, the captain in particular. There were several officers present, also many ladies. We noticed that since our last visit to the Aquatic Theatre, splendid new scenery has been added to the properties of the stage. The new act drop, painted by Mr. W. Duncan, a Son of the Ocean, is a magnificent piece of art, and worthy of gracing any temple of dramatic art. The subject painted, is a scene on the Hudson, and reflects great credit upon the taste and judgment of the artist, who we believe belongs on board of the "Old North" The next time our Aquatic friends perform may we be there to see.

THE JUNIORS IN CONVENTION.—The delegates from the Juniors Base Ball Clubs of Brooklyn, New York and vicinity, assembled in convention at the rooms corner of Joralemon and Court streets, Brooklyn, on Friday evening, Oct. 5th, and after appointing a committee to examine the credentials of the delegates present, proceeded to elect officers of the "Junior National Association of Base Ball Players," after which they appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by laws, said committee to report at the next meeting of the convention, which is to take place on Friday next at 7½, P.M., at the same place. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested by those present in reference to the organization, and the business of the convention was transacted in a manner that would do no discredit to the Senior Convention. Order and decorum were observed throughout, and the whole affair reflects great credit on the intelligence and enterprise of the Junior Base Ball players. Over thirty clubs were represented, there being about sixty delegates present, and at the next meeting there will no doubt be a still larger attendance. In our next we shall give a complete list of the clubs, delegates, and permanent officers elected, as also the code of rules adopted by the Junior Association. Success to the Juniors, say we, as on them mainly depends the permanence of our National Game.

CRICKET IN PHILADELPHIA.—A match at cricket was played on the 24th ult. between the first eleven, and the next twenty-two of the Mechanics Club of Philadelphia, on their ground at Camden, N. J., which was decided by one innings each. The following is the score:

The Twenty-two.....71	The Eleven.....39

OLYMPIC VS BOSTON.—These cricket clubs, the former of Worcester, the latter of Boston, Mass., played a match on the 22d ult. at Boston, which was drawn through darkness coming on. Boston scored 60 and 46, and their opponents 59 and 28, with three wickets to fall.

OSCEOLA VS NIAGARA.—These junior clubs of Chicago played a match of five innings on the 2d inst., the former scoring 43, the latter 17. Full score in our next.

EARLY.—The CLIPPER was put to press on Saturday evening, October 6th, in order that our readers might have early reports of the Mace and Brettle battle, and of the great sculling match for the championship of the Thames.

MORRISSEY AND HEENAN.—There continues to be considerable "talk" concerning the probabilities of another meeting between these two men, and rumors we have in abundance, none of which, however, seem to be "founded in fact." We deem it necessary to make allusion to the affair, to "ease the public mind."

THE UNKNOWN.—As has already been surmised, "the Unknown," who was proposed as a match for Tom Jennings, turns out to be Aaron Jones, who twice fought Tom Sayers.

AN EPISODE IN YANKEE SULLIVAN'S HISTORY.—We commence in this issue a sketch entitled "The Merchant and the Pugilist," an episode in the secret history of Yankee Sullivan. Read it.

LAST DAY.—The last day's racing at the Fashion Course Fall Meeting was in keeping with the first days. The attendance was very small, and the interest still less.

EXTRAORDINARY SPEED.—One of Captain De Groot's steam propellers made an engineer's trial trip recently from Jersey City, where the engines were constructed. Leaving her dock, she had on board Charles French, chief engineer of the W. P. steamship Bibb, of the coast survey, and a scientific gentleman of Jersey City, who paid particular attention to the working of the machinery, and kept the correct record of her speed. She proceeded up the Hudson as far as Yonkers, and when opposite that place she headed down the river; the exact time was then taken, and she arrived at 22d street, New York, in 54 minutes. Some trifling interruption in her machinery caused a delay of some four minutes, which would leave her running time 50 minutes, which is considered by the engineers who witnessed it, a great triumph of speed. The distance from Yonkers to Chambers street, by railroad, is 17 miles, and the distance from 22d street to Chambers street would have taken her nine minutes, which would leave her running time 59 minutes.

AQUATICS.

THE ALBANY REGATTA ASSOCIATION,
WILL GIVE THEIR
SECOND ANNUAL REGATTA AT ALBANY, N. Y.,
OCTOBER 11th and 12th, 1860,
For the Championship of Albany, open to Albany Boats only, and to be rowed by residents of that city, and a
PRIZE REGATTA OPEN TO ALL COMERS.
Entrance Free. "Come one, come all."
RACES.
FIRST DAY, OCTOBER 11.
1st Race at 3 o'clock, P. M., Six Oared Shell Boats, for Championship.
2d Race, Four Oared Boats. Open to all Comers. 1st Prize, $125. 2d Prize, $50.
3d Race, Double Sculls, for Championship.
SECOND DAY, OCTOBER 12
1st Race, at 3 P. M. Six Oared Shell. Open to all comers. Prize, $100.
2d Race, Six Oared Barge Race, for Championship.
3d Race, Single Sculls. Open to all comers. 1st Prize, $75. 2d Prize, $40.
4th Race, Single Sculls, for Championship. The boats entered for 4th Race, shall start 5 minutes after the start of the 3d Race.
For further particulars address the secretary,
GEO. H. TREADWELL, President.
WM. E. ORR, Vice President.
WM. R. HILLS, Secretary.
CHAS. E. PEASE, Treasurer. 25-1t

SECOND REGATTA OF THE ALLEGHANY ASSOCIATION.

EXCITING RACES.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PITTSBURGH, October 3d, 1860.

DEAR CLIPPER.—Since last you heard from me our city has been all bustle and confusion, everything turned topsy-turvy. The event, however, most fraught with interest to the sporting world was the eventuation of the second regatta of the Alleghany County Regatta Association. This interesting occurrence took place on the muddy waters of the Monongahela course—three miles and four hundred and fifty one yards—on the afternoon of Saturday, September 29th. Of course, the affair created a great sensation, and was the all-absorbing theme of conversation in sporting circles here about ever since it was projected. The liberal prizes offered by the Association had the desired effect of drawing into competition most of our crack boats, manned by oarsmen true as steel, which led our good people to anticipate something rare in the way of sport, and the patrons of aquatic encounters assembled upon the course in extensive numbers. The river was thickly studded with every species of water craft, from the 6 feet by 2 scrow of some enthusiastic specimens of Young America, to the fairy-like row-boat and the lumbering yawl and pleasure barge. Among others, I noticed a comical invention in the way of boats; it consisted of two cylindrical tubes, cigar shape, made of tin, about 14 feet in length, and 22 inches apart, connected together by a box, some 5 feet by 2—fitted up with out-riggers and all—in which the oarsman sat and composedly withstood the attention which his novel craft attracted among the spectators. The thing, however, seemed a failure. The weather was very propitious, the bosom of the river being unruffled by a solitary ripple, and a gentle breeze blowing from the north-west, which, though chilling somewhat the outsiders, could not have been more advantageous to the oarsmen; altogether, the elements could not have conspired more favorably to the production of exciting sport and quick time. The following are the rules governing the regatta:—

First.—No change shall be allowed in any crew after the day of naming, except by permission of the President, on satisfactory evidence of the unavoidable absence of the member of the crew, it is desired to replace.

Second.—When two or more boats shall turn the same buoy, the outside boat shall give the inside one room to turn.

Third.—Any boat wilfully fouling or impeding another, shall forfeit the race, but in case of accidental collision the boats shall separate as soon as possible, and continue the race.

Fourth.—No boat shall be allowed to take the water of another, unless having a clear lead of one length, in which case she can take any course she pleases, and that becomes her's from that time.

Fifth.—Nos. 1 and 2 shall turn the Manchester buoy, and 3 and 4 the Saw mill run buoy, each turning from right to left.

Sixth.—The Association will meet for the distribution of prizes at the Seelin House in the evening.

Seventh.—All boats are required to be punctually at their places at the appointed time.

The advertised programme included four races—sculling, two oared, four-oared and eight-oared. The following boats entered for the

FIRST RACE—ONE PAIR SCULLS.

Unknown—Jackson Club—sculled by William Jackson; dress pink, tri-color caps. Boat 25 feet long. No. 1.

Moonlight—Undine Club—sculled by Joseph Bash; dress pink, blue cap. Boat 27 feet long. No. 2.

The Yellow Jacket—Jackson Club, and the Sylph—Atlanta Club, were likewise entered, but were afterwards withdrawn. The oarsmen in this race pitted against each other, have the reputation of being the two best men in the rival crews for the championship of our waters—Fisherman, and Port Perry—and this fact contributed a great amount of interest to the affair, and impetus to the betting, which was very heavy. The friends of both boats were numerous, although the Bash party were decidedly in the ascendant. The Moonlight was generally regarded as the fasted boat of the two, and the offers upon her were quite liberal. Those who favored Jackson, because of his past gallant victories, dreaded the Moonlight, more than the man who was to pull against their favorite; but gathering some hope from the fact that the speed of the Unknown was a matter of surmise to them, and that she might possibly prove the better boat of the two, risked their money pretty freely on Jackson. At the signal from the starter, the boats made a fine start, the Unknown immediately taking a forward position. The boats remained in these relative positions until passing the Point, Jackson having by that time widened out the gap of some three lengths, each boat skimming along at a rattling pace. The Unknown party were now jubilant, and very profuse in their offers; their calls nevertheless, were eagerly responded to by the opposite party, who never once wavered in their confidence of success. When nearing the buoy, Bash turned on the steam, and with a few magnificent spurts sent his tiny bark a good length in advance. He rounded the buoy about the same distance ahead. The run-up was, apparently close; but to a careful observer it was easily seen that Bash had the race in hand, and could increase his lead at pleasure. He came home, amidst uproarous tokens of applause, in 23:54, leading the Unknown but half a length. Time of Unknown, 23:57. Another report gets the time down at 22:23—22:25. There were two prizes—$25 and $10.

The next event upon the programme, originally was a two oared race, between the boats Surprise and Leader. This, however, was announced "off," the Surprise having failed to arrive in the city in time. She is a new boat, and is a beautiful piece of workmanship. Her builder is M'Kay, of the Empire City, who also fashioned the exquisite model of the Moonlight. She is owned by the Crescent Club, and will be launched on Friday next for trial. As a compensation to the Jackson Club for getting their boat ready, I understand that the Association has presented them with $25, half of the stakes to be competed for. To make some amends to the public for this unfortunate disappointment, an independent

SCULLING RACE.

For a premium of $50—was announced between the following boats:—

Dan Bernard, rowed by Geo. Deary; dress grey, blue cap. Boat 27 feet in length.

Henry Lloyd, John Park'r; dress pink, fancy cap. Boat 27 feet in length.

There was some slight betting in this race, Deary having the call at small odds. At the word "go," the waiting craft bounded away from the starting point. The race is easily described; Deary took the lead from the start, and maintained it throughout, winning as he pleased, and reaching home in 27:00, leading the Lloyd six lengths. Lloyd's time, about 27:30. Now came the impatiently waited for

EVENT OF THE REGATTA—FOUR-OARED OUTRIGGERS.

There was but one prize to be awarded in this contest—$100. For this purse the boats named below put in an appearance:—

Calvin Adams—Jackson Club—crew:—Wm. Davis, Wm. Reese and Robert Jackson. Uniform—white shirts, blue caps. Boat length, 24 feet. No. 1.

Princess—Atalantia Club—crew: J. Milholland, Wm. Kirkwood, Wm. Campbell, and C Cupps—P. S. Dugan, cockswain. Uniform, pink shirts and tri-color caps. Boat 38 feet long. No 2.

This was, emphatically, the feature of the meeting. The crew of each boat were fine, hardy, muscular appearing set of fellows, with plenty of the needful stamina to carry them through the struggle they were soon to undergo. The advantages to be derived from lightness of boat and crew were clearly on the side of the Adams, who were generally small—though well knit fellows, with a boat smaller in every way than her opponent. The crew of the Princess were much the larger and stronger of the two; but, besides having much the larger boat, in addition carried a coxswain—which is about the same as placing a hundred pound dead weight in a boat—while the Adams was fitted out with a "traveller." The excitement now waxed high among the numerous patrons of each, and an immense quantity of "specie" was wagered upon the result. The betting epidemic apparently affected all upon the course, and when the signal was given for the boats to arrange themselves in line—at 4:15 precisely—the spectacle presented by the mass upon the wharf was indescribable. All was enthusiasm and excitement. Such jolting and pushing—with, probably, the liveliest bit of swearing—as the excited multitude hurried here and there, on their eagerness to arrange bets, &c., has seldom been witnessed in any similar occasion. Alas! for those poor unfortunates who were suffering from aching "corns;" they gained but little comfort from that tumultuous gathering. It was "every man for himself," and no mistake. At length the cry of "all ready!" was heard issuing from the judge's stand, immediately followed by the command to "give way!"—which served both as a signal to the boats to start, and to the gazing "sovereigns" to allow their pent-up feelings to burst forth in encouraging shouts to the oarsmen, and the din became almost deafening. A beautiful start was effected, the boats answering nobly to the word of command, and bounding away like "things of life;" they remained pretty even for a considerable distance, when the Adams began almost imperceptibly to glide away from her opponent, and by the time she reached the mouth of Market street she had opened a gap of about three lengths. The scene along shore in the meantime was all animation; hundreds rushed along the wharf in the direction of the point, in order to see them turn the buoy, and note their relative positions on the home-stretch, and keeping the oarsmen to their work by shouts, &c. Sharp betting men dashed along in the like direction at a 2:40 gait, in their gigs, for the purpose of taking notes, so as to arrange their bets accordingly. The struggle upon the water continued as fierce as ever—each crew dashing the water from their oars with a will, and the boats darting along at a tremendous rate of speed. As they neared the buoy the distance between them was being slowly but surely diminished, and when they rounded to, the Adams was but scant two lengths ahead. The boats maintained their relative positions until about half way home, when the crew of the Princess putting on some telling spurts began to gain upon their lively and formidable competitor. This was no sooner noticed, than the Adams boys, determined to keep a tight hold upon the laurels so nearly within their grasp, backed to their work, and again gained an inch or so, the boats had now reached the mouth of Wood street, and the Adams was leading about a length and a half, both crews pulling as if life and death depended upon the issue. The crew of the Princess were making almost superhuman exertions to overtake the Adams, whose oarsmen were cognizant of naught but the boat behind, which was gaining upon them slowly, and with bowed and uncovered heads they bent to the task before them. It was evident the terrible trial could not be borne by the crew of the Adams much longer; the Princess was fast gaining upon them and pressing them close, although themselves much "used up." The excitement along the shore was intense, the friends of the respective boats shouting and yelling encouragement to the oarsmen, and exhibiting every symptom of the wildest enthusiasm. Directly the struggling craft neared the bridge, the Princess continuing to slightly gain on her opponent; but their endeavors to snatch the prize from the Adams were unavailing, as with a few desperate calls upon their sorely tried powers the crew of the latter landed her upon the line—a winner by two seconds. The time of the winning boat was 20:13; and that of the losing 20:15. Immediately after the conclusion of race, one of the Adams crew, Wm. Davis, was seized with a very severe attack of the cramp in the stomach. He was obliged to be lifted out of the boat and carried to the shore. He recovered in a few moments. This was, undoubtedly, the closest and most severe race which has ever been witnessed upon this course, and I think the time, considering the distance, is fully equal to the best ever made. At 5 o'clock the boats entered for the closing race, for

EIGHT OARED BARGES.

were called into line. One prize of $50 and champion flag. For this race the following named barges presented themselves:

Albatros—Eclipse Club—Uniform, red, white caps. Boat 50 feet in length. No. 1.

Imperial—Crescent Club—Uniform, pink shirts and fancy caps. Boat 47 feet long. No. 2.

Volante—Volante Club—Uniform, red (Indian.) Boat 48 feet long. No. 3.

Undine—Undine Club—Blue shirts and white caps. Boat 45 feet long. No. 4.

This race was to have been pulled by "amateur" crews, but to our eye there were "several" who could have been excluded from participating if this rule had been strictly adhered to. Although much desire was manifested to see this race, very little money was invested upon it, for the simple reason that it was generally regarded as a certainty that the Imperial would win. She was considered by all odds the superior boat, and very few thought the rest of the field had a ghost of a chance with her; consequently, the backers of said favorite could not find a taker of their most liberal offers. The word was given shortly after the boats had got into position, and off they went. The boats remained tolerably even about the mouth of Wood street, when the Imperial and Volante separated, and made play for the lead, leaving the contest for second place to the Albatross and Undine. The Imperial, I believe, was ahead slightly at the buoy, but making a mistake, went some four or five lengths in the direction of an outside boat, and were obliged to turn and rectify this mistake, by which time the Volante had gained some lengths upon them. The buoy was turned in the following manner:—Volante, Imperial, Undine and Albatross. The Imperial started on her almost hopeless pursuit of the Volante, which had now opened a pretty wide gap between them, and was fast diminishing the distance between them, when, unfortunately, a board caught on her bow, striking with such force as to leave an indentation, and coming up over the bow, the bow oarsman was obliged to rise in order to clear the boat of this unlucky impediment. This threw them, it might almost be said, completely out of the race, as there appeared not the slightest chance of ever catching up to the Volante. Determined, however, not to be a great distance in the rear, the manly but unfortunate fellows began again to play their oars, and had succeeded in cutting down the gap opened by the Volante to a distance of about two and a half or three lengths, when the Volante crossed the score, in 21:15. The Imperial raised her oars in 21:38. The Undine came in a very bad third, reaching the bridge in 22:02, followed by the Albatross in 22:06.

The crew of the Imperial are confident that had they not been detained by the obstacles mentioned above the contest would have resulted quite differently, and the purse and much coveted flag have found their way to the Crescent Club. However, this matter will doubtless shortly be decided, as they challenge the winning boat to another trial, in this morning's papers. The gauntlet will, I am assured, be taken up by the challenged party, so we may soon expect some exciting racing. Recapitulation:—

First Race—Sculling—For purses of $25 and $10.

Moonlight.....23:54	Unknown.....23:57

Second Race—Sculling—For purse of $50.

Dan Bernard.....27:00	H Lloyd.....27:30

Four Oared Outriggers—Purse of $100.

Calvin Adams.....20:13	Princess.....20:15

Eight-Oared Barges—Purse of $50 and the Champion Flag.

Volante.....21:15	Undine.....22:02
Imperial.....21:38	Albatross.....22:06

I was misinformed week before last in regard to the selling of the sculling race between Isaac Jones and John Moberly. I had the information from what I considered good authority, but from what I have since learned, am convinced that the rumor was without foundation in fact. The parties concerned feel injured by the statement, and I make this correction as due to said gentlemen. I was so busied with other matters that I was unable to find out the facts of the case myself, and was obliged to rely upon the word of another. Until next week, I must now bid you a farewell.

Yours, most sincerely, ADELPHI.

ARAB AND GYPSY.—Philadelphia,—October 1, 1860.—FRANK QUEEN.—About three weeks ago it was reported, and I may say fully expected, that a trial of speed was to take place on the Schuylkill, between the two first-class boats, Arab and Gypsy. I inquired into the matter, and found that the Arab had challenged the Gypsy, which challenge the latter refused to accept. Heretofore the Gypsy has always had the name of being the fastest boat on the river, but hereafter they must stop their blowing, as until a trial takes place, the Arab will carry the fox tail, as she now does. The Arab's crew are a very young set of fellows, and pull with great precision, which speaks well for their future. The race was looked forward to with great interest by the many boating men on the river, and opinions were about equally divided. Yours, JUSTICE.

THAT'S SO; and when we draw around to form the family circle in the evening, we feel a little "more so" if recovered from the fatigues and freckles of the "heated term," and fortified for the autumnal gales by a discriminating use of Dr. Gouraud's cosmetic articles. His Italian Medicated Soap is praised "in all the churches." His Lilly White is praised in all the ball rooms. His Poudres Subtiles, Liquid Hair Dye, Liquid Vegetable Rouge and Medicated Hair Restorative, have no equals in the market. They can be procured at the Doctor's laboratory, 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; of J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; and of Callender & Co., Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia.

BOOKS, "BOOKS," BOOKS.—NOTICE.—REMOVAL.—The rapid increase of our business has obliged us to Remove from our former location, 76, to the NEW MARBLE BUILDINGS, which have just been erected at 86 Nassau street, to which our readers will please direct all orders for *Books* and other articles—any orders that may have been sent to 76 will reach us, as our *Post Office Box* obviates any miscarriage of letters. With our increased facilities, we are enabled to attend to all orders for Books, Cards, Prints, Sporting articles and merchandise of any and every description, (large or small), with the utmost promptness, forwarding the same on the day received, and packed in the most compact and substantial manner, at the lowest market price, post paying all books and articles sent by mail. Any book you see advertised no matter where, or by whom published, enclose the price in cash, or stamps, to our address, and you will receive the work ordered by return of mail—Post paid. If you wish a Catalogue, write—we pay postage. If you wish to know the price of any article of merchandise or any book you may be in want of, write, we will give you the information and pay postage on your letter. If you really wish something good, send for our catalogue it will please you certain. Address, THOMAS ORMSBY,
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WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE MYSTIC LEAGUE OF THREE:

OR, THE

GAMBLER'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

The "Mill," and the Crisis—The Cries of "Holy Brotherhood," and "Harchawk"—Tremendous Row—The Death Struggle Between Barnes and the Count—Barnes Dies by the Hand of Morton—The R. L. Defeated, Crushed, and Finally Disbanded—Johnson's Chagrin.

A week had passed around since the events which were mentioned in our last chapter had transpired, and the time had at length arrived when the two rival factions of the fancy were to meet in deadly conflict. The rising sun ushered in a day as beautiful and calm as any which had ever shed its warm beams upon this sin-cursed earth. All was beautiful and calm.

About three miles from the city was a large concourse of the fancy of the city, momentarily increasing, and awaiting with great anxiety the appearance of the heroes who were that day to decide their respective merits. Both of the combatants were well known in the city as capital fighters. One was an athletic man weighing over two hundred pounds, and never being lower than a hundred and eighty, even under the most severe course of training; the other was scarcely one hundred and fifty at his fighting weight, but was stoutly framed and renowned for his quick, hard hitting, and his excellent parrying.

Betting was brisk, and ran nearly equal on the two. Barnes backed the athletic man, generally known among the fancy as Buck the Slasher, having in some manner enlisted him as his champion, and intending to claim his victory, of which he felt confident, for his crowd.

The Count and his friends were equally eager in backing the Slasher's opponent, although he had never previously had any connection with them, their object being simply to be in opposition to Barnes.

About a quarter after eight the men drove up in opposite directions, almost at the same moment, and both were received with overwhelming applause.

The Slasher came in a coach; Meigs, the name of his opponent, in a tandem sulky, driven by himself. Both looked in prime condition, and it would have appeared invidious to have predicted the victory with any great certainty to either one. Both came handsomely up to the scratch, and the first round was hotly contested for seven minutes, each of the men going to work in true give and take style. The result was that the Slasher went to grass, his profile badly damaged.

After the second round it became plainly evident that the Slasher was losing; and on the eleventh round it was almost impossible to bring him up to the scratch.

Barnes, whose countenance at the beginning of the "mill" had been of the most jocund character, was now extremely crest-fallen, and emphatically cursing his luck. He however had had a scheme in coming there beside that of seeing the fight and backing his favorite, and he now saw that putting it into immediate execution was the only means left of saving his partisan.

Giving a low, shrill whistle, which resounded over the whole ground, he the next moment thundered forth:—"Holy Brotherhood, to Work!"

But he was not addressing the initiated alone, as he had fondly supposed. Those whom he supposed to be entirely ignorant of his designs were as anxiously watching for this word as his own band were.

The next moment, before the echoes of Barnes' voice had died away, Morton was heard crying in stentorian tones:—"Brothers of the Holy Order, Harchawk!"

A simultaneous attack was made by both of the contending parties. In a moment the conflict of the factions had absorbed all the attention of the lookers on, and the conflict of the ring was entirely forgotten, leaving the combatants to work their way out, and view with surprise the fight that had suddenly sprung up without. Those who were unaware of the cause of the disturbance gazed in wonder, or endeavored to put themselves out of harm's way by a timely exercise of their pedal arrangements.

Barnes had evidently supposed that his arrangements were entirely unknown to those whom he intended to attack. In this, however, he soon discovered that he was greatly mistaken. He was quite surprised at the prompt answer made to his cry for rallying, but supposed that there was no preconcerted arrangement amongst the B. D.'s, and that they would fall easy victims to him in the fracas that would ensue. He had marked the Count as his own prey, and was standing but a few feet from him. In order to cast a doubt over the origin of the "fuss," and prevent the detection of the principals, the whole of the gang, according to pre arrangement, commenced laying around them, not very careful who they hit, but better satisfied if it were one of the members of the rival association than if it were simply some unoffending spectator who knew nothing of the strife of the rival factions.

Barnes, who was standing but a few feet from the Count, made a spring for him, but was quite surprised to receive a well-laid dexter on the claret bottle accompanied by a heavy sinister upon the bread basket, which brought him to dust in a beautiful manner.

Thoroughly irritated by this commencement, so unexpected to him, Barnes instantly leaped to his feet, his face flushed with anger, and pounced upon his antagonist. His assault was so sudden that the Count had not time to ward it off, and he was struck heavily to the ground. Barnes leaped upon him, still holding the prostrate body of his foe pinned to the earth in his iron grasp, and was already drawing the cold steel with which he vows to spill the heart's blood of his hated foe. The quickness and agility of the Count, however, proved to be greater than his opponent had calculated upon, and to be a match for his own enormous physical strength.

The Count by a quick movement changed their relative positions, and throwing Barnes heavily on his back, endeavored to hold him in that position. The strength of the two men however was so nearly equally balanced that neither was able gain any decided advantage, and for nearly one quarter of an hour the terrible struggle for life or death continued, until both men, entirely worn out and fatigued by their almost superhuman exertions, relaxed their efforts at the same moment, and fell panting from each others' iron embrace.

Barnes had supposed at first, when he had found himself unable to conquer his rival, that some of his gang would speedily come to his assistance; but this they were prevented from doing on account of the desperate resistance they met with. This was something upon which Barnes had not calculated, as he had not supposed the B. D's would be aware of his plans, and consequently would not be able to make any effectual or protracted resistance. Both men lay for a moment quite exhausted and incapable of motion. Both were hoping some friend might not come their position and give them some aid in ending the doubtful contest.

Both parties, however, found the contest so close, and were so eagerly engaged in a "spell-mell," hand to hand fight that no one had any leisure to look after any one else. The spectators, who were not arrested on either side, had mostly departed, coming to the rage conclusion that that was not the safest or most comfortable place in the world. We must, however, make an exception with reference to some two or three dozen, who were knocked down by Barnes' gang at the commencement of the combat, and who were entirely unable to exert their powers of locomotion. Some were entirely senseless; others with bruised eyes, bloody noses, and profiles in general much spoiled and disfigured, were heartily cursing the row and its authors, and wondering what the devil had got into the people to commence at that rate.

At the same moment Barnes and the Count rose to their feet to recommence the combat. Again they closed, but in the short conflict that followed Barnes appeared to have a decided advantage.

Again was he about to draw the glittering steel which was to end the contest, when he was hurled senseless to the ground by a blow from behind. The next moment Morton, who had ever been where the tide of conflict ebbed thickest, leaped upon him and plunged an enormous bowie-knife to his heart. Barnes, the leader of the most blood thirsty gang of cut throats and villains in the United States, was dead.

When it became known to the R. L.'s that their leader was dead they made but little further resistance, but were glad to get off on as good terms as possible. They had been badly wersted in the affray, and did not feel any disposition to continue it longer.

In the whole conflict Finch had been prominent; he might have been seen everywhere in the thickest of the fight, dealing heavy blows to all of his opponents. He was, however, evidently searching for something or some one whom he was unable to find—in no other manner could his conduct be accounted for.

Night had at length again spread its sable mantle over the "Crescent City," but it found the relative condition of the two warring factions far different from what it had been when that morning's sun had first spread its silver sheening rays over it. To several that day which had just departed had been the last of life; to some of those whose hearts that morning were beating high with pulsations of hope and promise.

The insolent band headed by Barnes had been so completely conquered in the contest of the day that a call from Johnson, who upon the death of Barnes had, as next highest officer, become president, to assemble that night to consider their affairs, but about twenty members responded, and these even were so utterly disheartened that a proposition from one of them to abandon the association was passed without opposition, except from Johnson, who wished to exercise over the gang the same authority previously held by Barnes. He had not, however, like Barnes, the facility of forcing compliance and he had the mortification to see the resolution adopted almost without discussion.

The motive inducing the gang to adopt this resolution were principally those of fear. They perceived that their rivals had now the upper hand; and, judging them from what they would themselves do under similar circumstances, they presumed they would continue to persecute them until they should be forced to abandon the association. Johnson feared the same thing, but wished to keep up both as an aid to his aggrandizement, for the accomplishment of his own selfish objects, and also to shield himself from the vengeance of Finch, which he knew he had justly incurred. He was endeavoring to evade this vengeance, but it was soon to overtake him; as we shall relate in the next chapter, which will close our history of life among the fancy.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

Twilight—A Maiden's Peril—Johnson's Intended Crime—Thwarted by Finch—The Hour of Vengeance Come—"Prepare to Die!"—Another Fearful Death-Struggle—A Chance Blow, and Johnson Dies—Magnificent Wedding—The B. D. Continued—Reflections—May We Meet Again—"Farewell!"

For some time after the *melee* at the fight between the Slasher and his young opponent Johnson kept himself out of sight, evidently considering that the wiser course; but it was not possible always to evade the righteous retribution, which was hanging round his pathway, ever threatening to descend upon the victim. He had led a life of sin, crime, and daring wickedness; but the hour of vengeance was at hand. The poor, friendless youth whom he had robbed in so dastardly a manner some years previous was now watching with an eagle eye for an opportunity to repay the benefit with interest.

We much regret, gentle reader, that the last chapter of our work must present an exhibition of depraved humanity so deplorable as that we are compelled to record.

It was a calm, still evening. The sun yet lingered above the verdant, grassy fields of the western prairies, just about to drop into their soft embrace. All was still, silent and graceful as the memory of childhood's sunny days.

On the banks of a little stream about a mile from the confines of the city, and free from its annoyances of dust, smoke, and noise, sat a beautiful maiden, whose delighted imagination revelled in the glowing scenes of teeming nature around her. Pure, innocent, and lovely herself, she believed that naught could exist but love and innocence, and gazed around her on the beautiful scene presented to her view with admiration and delight.

But she was not alone. Beside her sat one upon whose sensual face reposed the blandest smile which he was able to assume.

How little did the innocent girl, smiling in her loveliness, dream of the dark, insidious snare which even then he was laying for the destruction of her future happiness!

By some means or other, Johnson, the gambler and ruffian, had been able to ingratiate himself into the favor of this innocent girl, and was insidiously plotting her ruin. But his schemes were designed to be frustrated in a manner of which he then little dreamed.

As the gathering twilight began to creep over the face of nature, and all had been hushed into calm repose, the gambler became more bold in his advances, which had hitherto been so covert in their nature that the young girl, herself pure and innocent, was unable to discover their intention. As Johnson gave expression to a sentiment of loose morality, of which there could be no doubt, at the same time passing his hand rudely within the bosom of the innocent girl, for the first time flashed upon her mind a thorough perception of his designs, and she shrank from him as man would from a fearful, pestilential, contaminating disease.

Fearing that her half aroused fears and conjectures were too hasty, yet unwilling to remain longer with him in that secluded place, she proposed returning.

"Not yet, my pretty darling," said Johnson, at the same time attempting to press his lips to hers. "We have not yet enjoyed enough of each other's company to suit me."

"But quite sufficient to suit me," replied the offended maiden, at the same time attempting to rise.

"Not quite so fast," interrupted the brute at her side, attempting to detain her by placing his arms around her waist, and pulling her down to the ground.

"Unhand me, villain—wretch!" replied the girl, unable any longer to endure his conversation and actions, and beginning to fear for her safety.

Shall, we, gentle reader, describe what followed? You are doubtless able to anticipate it.

The foul fiend was able by muscular force to subdue the shrinking, timid maiden, and bore her heavily to the earth. He then attempted to induce her to yield by persuasion to his designs, but he found her virtue invincible. He then resorted to his last expedient—force; for determined he was to accomplish his designs. With black diabolical malice glowing in his heart, he was resolved by some means to succeed in the execution of his purpose. There can be but little doubt that he would have ultimately succeeded in the accomplishment of his purpose; for, although the young girl made all the opposition in her power, she could not have been able for any considerable time to make any effectual opposition to him, and in fact, she was already laying prostrate and helpless, almost entirely in the power of her remorseless persecutor, when suddenly another actor appeared upon the scene.

"Fiend, villain!" exclaimed a voice behind Johnson, "forbear to add this to the innumerable weight of crimes which already press upon your soul; you, who are destined so shortly to go into eternity."

Johnson, alarmed at this warning, turned round to see who it was, who was "bothering himself about his business;" but before he had been able to get a good view of him, Finch (for that was the person behind him) seized him in his brawny arms and hurled him to the ground; then planting his foot upon his breast, he addressed the writhing wretch beneath, in the following words:—

"You have long run a life of sin, as if there were no day of future reckoning. When I first, unsophisticated and unused to the cursed arts of gangs like yours, came to the city you entrapped and robbed me; since that moment, I have been eagerly watching for you and, although it is some time since I first recognized you, yet this is the first convenient opportunity which I have had in which to exact my owed revenge. And now I find you engaged in attempting to perpetrate an act, compared with which even your robbery upon me sinks into insignificance—an act so guilty in its nature that that alone, were you entirely free from other crimes, would be sufficient to sink you far into the fathomless abyss of perdition. Prepare then to meet your death."

During the progress of this oration, which by the way, was far from pleasant to one of the auditors, although the other, who, although almost dead with terror, was yet able to understand that she was liberated, was well enough pleased with it. Johnson had been making many fruitless endeavors to rise from his prostrate position, but he was held as it were in a vice, and was entirely unable to move.

With a shriek, in which terror and a desire for revenge seemed to be about equally component parts, Johnson combined all his wasted energies for a last attempt to overcome his foe. So tremendous were his exertions, that all the powers of Finch were necessary to prevent his rising.

Finally, however, as Johnson perceived even this last effort unavailing he relapsed into an apathetic lethargy and seemed to be awaiting his end without concern. This was however only deceptive and unreal; he was in fact resting himself and concentrating all his strength for a last great struggle, when the proper time should arrive.

This soon came, and when Finch, drawing his long, glittering, deadly bowie, bade his enemy prepare to die, he found that the contest was not yet quite decided. With a horrid imprecation, Johnson writhing in the herculean grasp of his foe used every effort within his power to "turn the tables."

All, however, was in vain, until Finch's foot tripping upon a stone he fell heavily backwards with his foe upon him. He was badly hurt by the fall and being incapable of motion, he supposed that his opponent would take advantage of it, and that he himself was destined to be the victim. What was his surprise therefore when, after a considerable time, Johnson did not stir.

Finch encouraged by the circumstance looked up; his own breast was covered with blood, his garments were drenched with it—but it was not his own, it was that of his arch-enemy, who in falling upon him, and considering his victory even then sure, had fallen upon the bowie, which Finch held tightly clasped, and whose keen point had penetrated his abdomen, causing instant death.

Finch arose and gazed around him; the twilight gradually darkened into night and an indistinctness was thrown over all surrounding objects. Suddenly something moved near Finch, and for the first time since the close of the combat he remembered the maiden with whom Johnson had been. He approached her and politely offered her his company to return to the city, at the same time assuring her, in answer to her earnest questioning, that he had received no harm in her defence. But the painful contortions of his face when he attempted to walk belied this, and he was forced at length to confess, that he had received a slight strain.

Some how or other, they reached her home, but which took most care of the other it would be difficult to decide. At all events, when they reached her father's residence he was almost unable to move and was obliged to accept the profferred hospitality of her father, who assidiously provided for him until he was fully recovered.

A criminal prosecution was commenced, but the R. L.'s, disheartened by the death of their leader, would have nothing to do with it, and Finch was ably seconded by the father of the young lady whom he had saved from worse than death.

About a month after that period New Orleans witnessed one of the most splendid weddings which it had ever beheld. For some days nothing was heard of except the unrivalled magnificence of the preparations for this wedding, furnished by the bride's father.

This wedding, kind reader, was that of Finch with the lady with whom he had met for the first time on the banks of that purling streamlet. He did not, however, we are happy to state, in his new situation forget his former comrades, but was ever foremost in every movement in the sporting department, whether on the stage, the turf, or in the ring.

Although the immediate cause for the organization of the B. D. had disappeared, they did not consider it wise to disband an organization which had already been productive of so great an amount of good, and which seemed likely to be able to do yet more.

They believed that an association of true sporting men, bound together by fraternal ties and acting in unison, would go far to remedy the abuses which mis-named sporting characters, whose breasts are not animated by a single mark of the true sportsman, have introduced.

They soon however found that they had acted wisely in another way; for a blow was being aimed at their fraternity from a source whence they little expected it, and which was liable to prove more deadly than the attempts of Barnes and his villainous gang. Happily by means of their united fraternity they were enabled safely to outride the storm. But these remarks are not suitable to be introduced at the end of our narrative. We may, perhaps, hereafter return to our noble band under different circumstances, but equally interesting—if not, in fact, more so.

We have now, gentle reader, finished our narrative of sporting life and its vicissitudes. We unhesitatingly submit it to your calm, unbiased perusal persuaded that, if you find in it some things to condemn, you will find exhibited many noble traits of character which will compel your admiration. For the present then, kind reader, you, who have followed us through the vicissitudes in which our heroes have been placed—farewell.

THE END.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

A COMPLETE LIST OF

ALL THEATRES OPENED IN THE UNITED STATES

SINCE THE DRAMA WAS

FIRST INTRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY

EMBRACING A PERIOD OF OVER

One Hundred and Eleven Years,

(From 1749)

ALSO THE OPENING BILL, CAST OF CHARACTERS,

And a Complete List of Every Theatre Destroyed by Fire,

WITH FULL PARTICULARS RELATING THERETO.

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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"If the theatre were to be shut up, the stage wholly silenced and suppressed, I believe the world, bad as it is now, would be ten times more wicked."

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The first place of amusement opened here was a church transformed into a theatre, and opened in 1831, by Wm. Duffy.

The second was the Eagle Theatre. Built by Benjamin Rathbuene, in 1835, and opened by McKinney & Adrau. Built of brick.

The third was the Museum. Opened January 12th, 1850, by Albert Case.

The fourth was the Eagle Street Theatre. Erected by Carr & Warren, and opened Wednesday evening, Sept. 1st, 1852. It is a brick, plastered in imitation of brown sand stone. The building is 100 feet by 85; height of proscenium 31 feet; height of scenes 18 feet; depth of stage, 48 feet; width in front, 36 feet 6 inches; between the scenes 24 feet. The auditorium will seat comfortably 3000 persons. The dome represents the seasons, the muses, and the patron Deities of the Arts. In the centre of the rich proscenium drapery a medallion of Shakespeare is suspended by a golden cord and tassel.

The opening bill was "Much Ado About Nothing," and the farce of "A Day in Paris," being a complimentary benefit to the lessees, Carr & Warren.

In 1858 was converted into a hall and called "St. James." Is now used for concerts.

The fifth was the "Metropolitan." Opened October 13, 1852, with "The Honey Moon," and "Poor Pillicoddy." Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie, was the opening Star. A prize address, written by Anson G. Chester, was spoken.

The house comfortably seats about 2500 persons.

W F Meech.....Proprietor
C T Smith.....Lessee

Built of brick, has a parquet and three tiers of boxes.

READING, PA.

The first dramatic performance given in this place was July 16th, 1835, by members of the Philadelphia Walnut Street Theatre.

DETROIT, MICH.

The first theatre opened here in 1835, under the management of Wm. Dinneford.

NEWARK, N. J.

The first theatre opened here in July, 1835.

The second was formerly Concert Hall, fitted up for dramatic performances, and opened April 27, 1848. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Conner were the principal members of the company.

The third was formerly Metropolitan Hall. Opened for dramatic performances September 20th, 1852, under the management of W. Henderson.

The fourth was erected in 1853. Located on the corner of Harrison and Market streets. Has a front of 50 feet, and 110 feet in depth, with parquette, dress circle and gallery. The stage comprises an area of 640 square yards.

Opened under the management of J. B. Strong, October, 1853, with the play of the "Hunchback."

It is now known as Concert Hall, but is still a theatre.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

The first theatrical performance given in this town, that we can find anything about, was in a barn. It was fitted up for theatrical performances, and opened by F. C. Wemyss on the 29th of May, 1836, with a company of comedians brought from the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, among whom were Conner, Miss Mary Duff, Murdoch, Oxley, and Fanny Jarman, for six weeks, and not on any occasion was the expenses in the house. With but few exceptions, the citizens neither cared about the actors or the theatre.

It was subsequently used as a feed store.

GRAND GULPH, MISS.

The first theatre built in this place was opened in 1836, under the management of John S. Potter.

FORT GIBSON, MISS.

The first theatre built here was opened during the winter of 1836, by John S. Potter.

NATCHITOCHES, LA.

The first theatre opened here in 1837, under John S. Potter's management.

JACKSON, MISS.

The first theatre built here was called the "Jackson Theatre." Opened in 1837, by John S. Potter. The following account we clip from a paper of 1840:—

"The Jackson Theatre is becoming a nuisance, and we wish people would quit going to it; for three successive nights we have been dragged thither by strangers from the country. With the exception of Mr. Greene and lady, and Mr. Maynard, the whole stock company is damaged and unfit for use. Mrs. Lewis played the last two nights as a star; this woman is all cataract and thunder; and she has played in the breeches too much to be sensible of the grace and loveliness of her sex; her husband is a perfect humbug; and her little daughter, in the language of the *Picayune*, should be put to bed with bread and butter."

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

The first theatre built here was by subscription; $15 000 was at once subscribed, and the theatre erected. Mr. J. S. Potter, formerly of Philadelphia, and manager of the Natchez and Nashville Theatres, was the first manager.

Opened in the fall of 1838.

MAYSVILLE, KY.

The first theatre opened here was in Town Hall, under the management of J. S. Potter, in 1838.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

The first theatre was opened in 1839, by John S. Potter.

The second was the "New People's Theatre." Opened August 31, 1857, by J. W. Wilson.

Julien Hall was leased by Harry Van Liew, and opened as a theatre, January, 1857. Is 91 feet deep, 50 feet wide, 15 feet high—between floor and ceiling. Stage 31 feet deep; gallery 22 feet wide, capable of seating 200 persons. Dress circle and orchestra will seat 300 persons.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The first theatre built in this place was opened by J. S. Porter, in 1848. Capable of seating 1600 persons.

The second was opened in April, 1851.

On the first of March, 1854, was opened by E. F. Nichols, as the "Athenæum."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The first performance of the dramatic or spectacular kind, was Rowe's Olympic Circus, which was a large tent, located on Kearney street above Clay. It was afterwards transformed into a theatre, and opened by W Stark. The "house" could hold from twelve to fifteen hundred; and the prices of admission were—to the pit, $3; boxes, $5; and for a private box, $55.

Opened October 29th, 1849.

The first regular theatrical performance was a representation of "The Wife," and "Charles the Second," by a small company under the control of Messrs. Atwater and Madison, (who had been sometime organizing a theatre,) in January, 1850, in the second story of a building at the rear of the old "Alta California" office, known as Washington Hall, located on Washington street, about midway of the plaza.

The third was Rowe's Olympic, on Kearney street. Opened in 1850, with a company of English actors.

The fourth was located on Washington street, near Montgomery. Opened in June, 1850, by a French vaudeville company.

Soon after destroyed by fire.

The fifth was the Dramatic Museum, located on California street, near Montgomery. Opened July 4th, 1850, with a new local farce by Dr. Robinson. Messrs. Evard and Robinson were the managers. The company were amateur performers.

The price to dress circle was $2.

Destroyed by fire, May, 1851.

The sixth was the original Jenny Lind Theatre, located over Maguire's Parker House Saloon, Kearney street, near Washington.

Opened September, 1850.

Destroyed by fire May, 1851.

The seventh was located on Clay street, near Montgomery. Opened in the fall of 1850, under the management of Mr. Brigham.

Destroyed by fire May, 1851.

The eighth was built on the site of the one destroyed in May, 1851, Clay and Montgomery street. Was destroyed by fire soon after it opened.

The ninth was built on the site of the Jenny Lind Theatre, Kearney street, near Washington.

Destroyed by fire June, 1851.

The tenth was the "Adelphi," situated on Dupont street, near Clay. Originally erected for a French theatre. Opened in 1851, under the management of Robinson and Wiesenthal.

Opened in August, 1852, by Lewis Baker.

The eleventh was the "Jenny Lind Theatre," located on the plaza. Was three stories high, and built of "Sidney stone."

The interior was fitted up with exquisite taste; and altogether in size, beauty and comfort, rivalled the most noted theatres in the Atlantic States. Was capable of seating 2,000 persons.

Opened October 4th, 1851. Mrs. E. Woodward delivered a poetical address.

In June, 1852, it was purchased by the authorities for a City Hall, for which they paid the enormous sum of $250,000.

The twelfth was the "American," situated on Sansome street, between California and Sacramento streets. It was a large brick building, and finished in superb style.

Opened October 20th, 1851, in exactly 20 days after the corner stone was laid. The opening bill was Mrs. Mowatt's play of "Armand," and the farce of "A Day in Paris."

Mr. and Mrs. Stark, Messrs. Haywood and Johns, Misses Chapman and Rivers were in the company. Stark and Wiesenthal were the managers. On the opening night there were 2,635 persons present.

Mrs. Stark delivered the opening address. The walls sank nearly two inches on the first night.

Opened by Lewis Baker May 12, 1853, with the "Lady of Lyons."

The thirteenth was "San Francisco Hall," located on Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearney.

Opened by Mrs. Catharine N. Sinclair in January, 1853.

The fourteenth was the "Olympic," a small theatre in Amory Hall Building, at the corner of Washington and Sansome streets. Opened in the fall of 1853. It did not last long.

The fifteenth was the "Union," located on Commercial street, above Kearney. Opened by the French, September 13th, 1853.

It was subsequently opened by Miss Laura Keene.

The sixteenth was the "Metropolitan," situated on Montgomery street. Built of brick.

Opened December 24th, 1853, by Mrs. Catharine N. Sinclair (nee Forrest). The opening bill was

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Lady Teazle.....Mrs C N Sinclair
Charles Surface.....Jas E Murdoch

Concluded with the farce of

LITTLE TOODLEKINS.

The prices of admission were, for orchestra or private boxes, $3; dress circle and parquette $2; second and third circles $1.

During the first year the receipts amounted to $390,499, but that did not reach the expenses. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams' first week's receipts were $14,230.

The building was erected by Joseph French, at a cost of $200,000.

The seventeenth was the "Lyceum," situated at the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets. Length, 177 feet; width, 48 feet; height in the clear, 29 feet. Accommodates 900 persons. Opened, March 13th, 1858, with Miss Albertine as the "star."

In 1859 the roof was raised and a large dress circle made. It now holds between $500 and $600.

The eighteenth was situated on Montgomery street, with a front of 275 feet, comprising between Washington and Jackson streets, and extending in depth 180 feet on Washington street, and 170 feet on Jackson street.

The nineteenth was the "American." Has a front of 55 feet, and 160 feet in depth; four stories high, and will comfortably accommodate 2,500 persons.

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